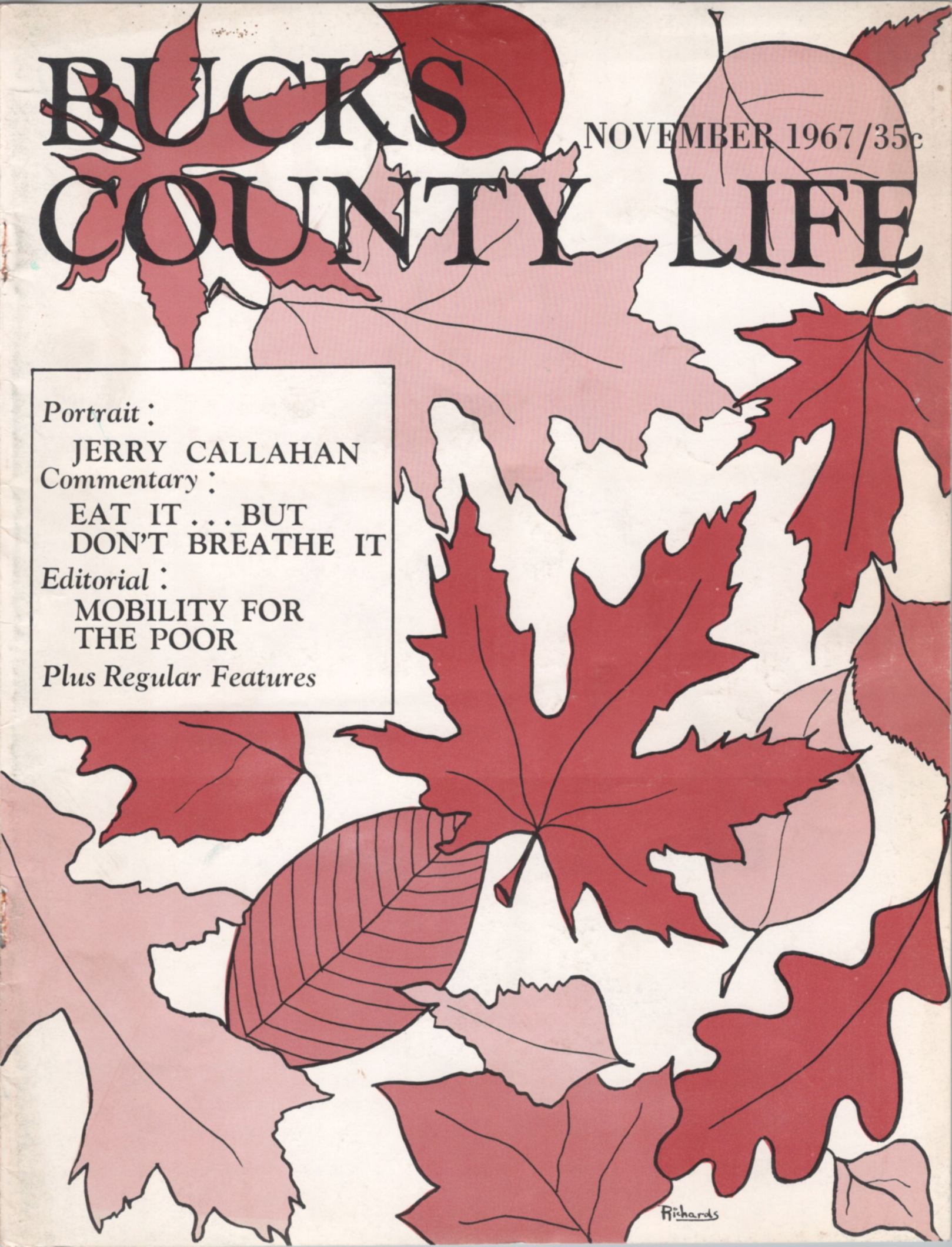




BUCKS COUNTY LIFE

NOVEMBER 1967/35c

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JERRY CALLAHAN

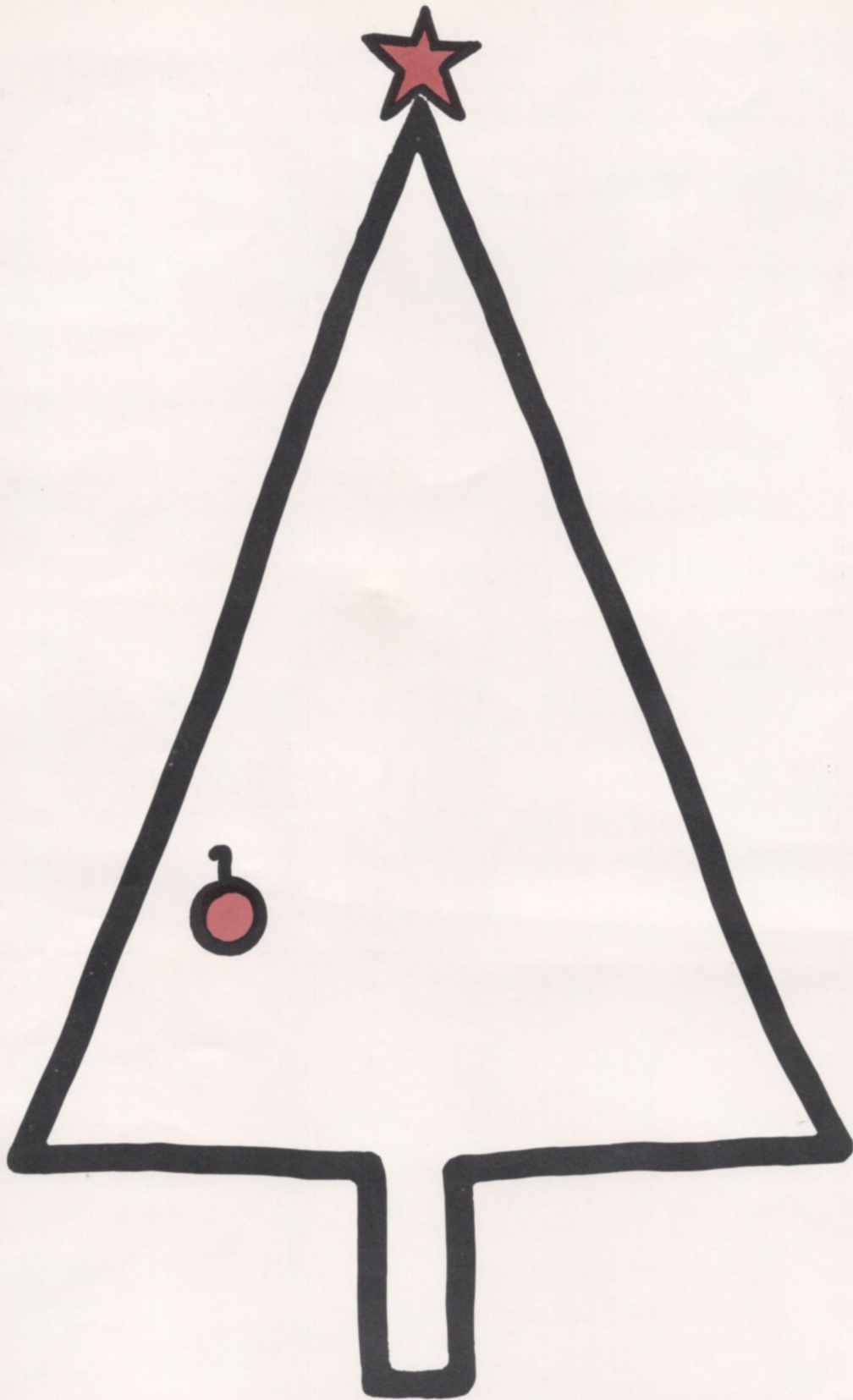
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DON'T BREATHE IT

Editorial :

MOBILITY FOR
THE POOR

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BUCKS COUNTY LIFE

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OUR COVER

This Fall design was created for *Bucks County Life* by Melissa Richards.

As I Was Saying...

Because we believe that only an informed citizen can form an opinion and take action for or against an issue, we present in this issue two thought-provoking articles. Bucks County faces (as does all of civilization) a host of urgent problems, not the least of which is the ever-increasing menace of air pollution. This subject is discussed in the article "Eat It . . . But Don't Breathe It."

A few short years ago, smog was something West Coast comedians made light of and we, in our complacency, chose to think it could not happen here. We should have seen it coming or at least paid some heed to those who could see its approach. Now it is here and is no longer a joking matter. This month's article concerns one aspect of pollution and tells what can be done to alleviate a particular situation when a responsible citizen decides to take action.

Our Guest Editorial is on a subject most people try to ignore, hoping it will go away. Years have proved, however, that poverty will not just go away. It must be removed by people willing to help others help themselves.

But the lack of adequate public transportation is stifling the efforts of those in authority who have at their command the means to help. The author gives us all something to think about. Very simply, if a man can't afford a car, how can he ever make the money to buy one if he can't get to job training or a place of employment to begin with? It is an unhappy cycle that could be broken with some well thought out plans for public transportation. The beauty of Bucks will suffer more from the proposed overhead utility wires than from an occasional bus traveling an already existing highway. We who have our own transportation might reflect for a moment: — what if we didn't have a car and, worse than that, had no way out of our neighborhood to work to buy one?

Both of these articles are for the thinking person.

As everyone in and out of the area knows, Bucks County boasts a plentiful number of people who have gained much acclaim in many fields. Jerry Callahan certainly falls into that category. Those who know Jerry will



agree that our astute writer and our perceptive photographer have caught the "real Callahan." Those who know him only by his work will feel that they have met him in person when they finish reading about him in this month's "Portrait."

If nostalgia is your cup of tea, don't miss "Haycock Haven." It will take you back in time through the writer's uncanny ability to recall every detail of that Fall of half a century ago.

On the light but very informative side is our newest feature "The Entertainment Scene." Here is an opportunity to read the inside story of show business written by a man who knows whereof he speaks.

Don't miss any of the great articles and features in this month's issue. It was planned with you in mind.

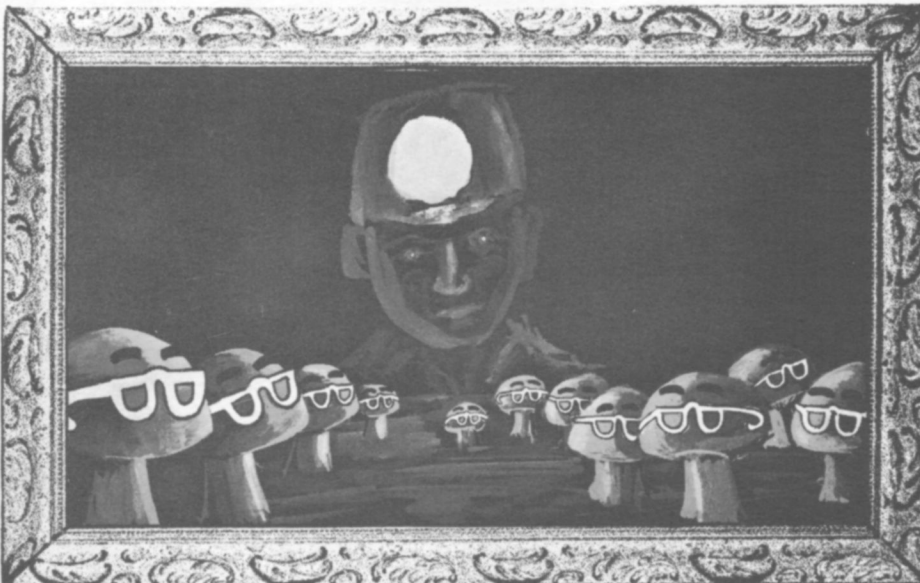
Kay Henry

Toadstool

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"As Our Readers See It"

Submitted by JOE GORMAN



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The woman in the mini-skirt

... should never have put it on.

And those bald guys. Letting their hair grow long, thinking it makes what's underneath any younger.

They mean well.

But anybody over thirty lost the chance to be a Young Kook twelve years ago. And if we keep it up with the regression bit, we may miss an important chance to do something for the bold young revolvers.

They want us to come to the party.

But it's kind of pointless if we don't bring our own props.

Photo Essay

by Fred Bauer

Be Wise!



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

We were just passing through Bucks County and bought our first copy of your magazine. The information in it added to our visit. Enclosed is our subscription as we want to read more.

Mr. and Mrs. Craig Collins
Richmond, Va.

Dear Mrs. Henry:

Thanks for your September article, which I read with great interest. Since Mr. Michener writes regularly for us, you can imagine that it made the rounds here.

John M. Allen
Senior Editor
The Reader's Digest

Sirs:

Big businessmen and professionals should combine to work hard to restore the human race. . . . What is to replace the flower of our youth being lost in Viet Nam? Hippies, rioters and other criminals?

Arthur E. Demeritt
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Mrs. Henry:

. . . . We appreciate the placement and arrangement of the article, which certainly gave it every advantage for reader interest and understanding. We are grateful to have had the opportunity to present the Woods Schools' story in your fine magazine.

Harold S. Barbour
President, Woods Schools
Langhorne, Pa.

Gentlemen:

. . . . Must a writer be a resident of Bucks County to be published in your magazine?

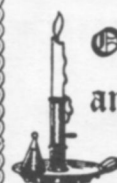
William Downton
West Chester, Pa.

Not at all. We welcome manuscripts from anywhere.

Dear Mrs. Henry:

It is usually the custom of your subscribers to make comments about your publication when they first read it or when it is time to renew. This, however, is not the case with me. I knew of your magazine only vaguely until I read your article last November about a friend and neighbor, Mr. Standish Forde Hansell, and his tremendous undertaking, the Livengrin Foundation.

continued on page 31



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A reminiscence . . .

HAYCOCK HAVEN

by David W. Davis

At the turn of the century my father, a painter-paperhanger, moved his family from the hard coal regions of Pennsylvania to the City of Philadelphia.

Some years after our arrival in the city Pop joined in a partnership with another paperhanger. Soon the partners discovered that each was an ardent hunter and fisherman.

Every year as the small game season neared I would listen in rapt attention as Pop told stories of his past hunting trips to the Haycock Mountain up in Bucks County. He swore that the widowed Farmer Slocum, with whom they stayed, could prepare a meal as good as the best female cook.

Now, the year was about 1910 and I a boy of twelve, a new chapter was to be opened in my life. Pop had broken the glad tidings to me. I was to accompany him and Charlie, his partner, on a trip to the Haycock Mountain.

While hunting the year before Pop had found a small cave nestled in the hillside on the west side of the mountain. Charlie and he agreed that it would afford fine shelter. So in the course of the ensuing year they planned their next hunting trip as a camp-out, doing their own chores and sleeping in the cave.

The purpose of our trip, a couple of weeks in advance of the season, was to take up the canned foodstuff and other gear which they would need. Thus, unburdened on the first day of the season, they would be able to hunt the several miles between the trolley stop and the mountain.

At last the eventful day had arrived. We arose early and were soon on the streetcar headed for Willow Grove. We met Charlie at the Grove and here changed to the trolley for Doylestown.

Not too long after leaving Willow

Grove, Charlie told me that we were in Bucks County. With his words the Haycock Mountain and Bucks County became permanently associated in my young mind.

Doylestown now loomed ahead. The town, with its narrow main street and the seemingly tall buildings aligned along each side, impressed me as being what a real canyon must look like. Here we changed to another trolley line. The car was smaller and of a different hue than the city cars.

My exhilaration with that rollicking, swaying, trolley ride was exceeded only by my wonderment, occasioned by the golden beauty of the countryside. Until then my whole world had been the row house in which we lived, my school, and the streets of Kensington. Now, with each passing mile a new world unfolded.

Soon it was time to leave the trolley. A large tavern, which Pop called the Harrow, stood on one corner. From here, across the stubbled fields, we set out on the last leg of our journey. At times our hike was interrupted by a scurrying cottontail or a flushing meadowlark. On such occasions Pop would go through the motions of drawing a bead on the fleeing game and the firing of an imaginary shotgun. He would then turn to his partner and exclaim, "I got him, Charlie!"

After crossing a creek and then a dirt road we started the climb up the east side of the mountain. Laden as we were, several rest stops were made before reaching the crest of the hill.

At the top the men had a smoke while I admired the scenery. Not long after starting down the west side of the mountain, Pop called a halt. He wanted to have a look around. In no time at all we heard Pop's call. He had found the cave, less than a hundred yards away.

The cave was formed by three

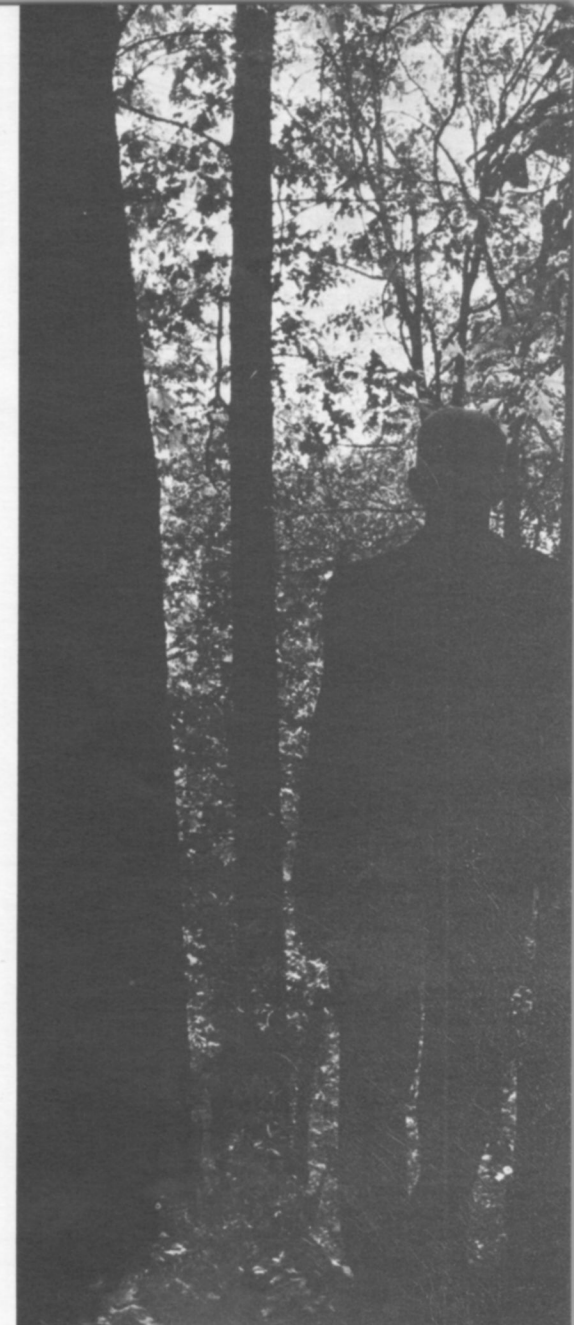


Photo by J. W. Milligan

rocks each of which was well anchored in the hillside. Fortunately, nature had left an opening of about two feet in width and four feet in height at the right front of the cave. A convenient entrance, indeed.

Our first order of business was the preparation of a meal. I went with Pop for water while Charlie started the fire. We cut down the hill in a north-westerly direction, across a small abandoned farm, to the wagon road. Near at hand was a sparkling mountain brook — our water supply.

With our bellies full, and the long after dinner confab at last ended, we gathered the dry leaves and hauled them into the cave. A blanket was then placed over them. Our bed was ready.

continued on page 20

Happiness is a Second Hand Hutch

by Martin Moskowitz

You don't have to be an interior decorator to guess the decor of our family room. First of all, there's a huge eagle embroidered in the center of the oval rug. The light switch plates are brass eagles and there's an awesome maple eagle mounted on the wall. The only clash in the room is our parakeet. And he just mopes around in his cage because he's got such an inferiority complex.

For a number of years, my favorite part of that room was an empty corner which was perfect for putting practice. But recently, my wife, some of her friends and a few neighbors decided that my putting corner needed an antique hutch cabinet desperately.

When the idea was emphatically suggested to me the other evening, I wisely refused to resist. I even offered to go out and hunt for an unpainted antique. However, this suggestion only made me the object of some pretty scornful scrutiny.

I had to admit though, since the room was done in overwhelming early American, there wasn't much choice for that corner except a hutch cabinet—or another eagle mounted on a pedestal.

On the eve of our shopping trip, several of our more worldly friends dropped by to acquaint us with antique buying procedures. We learned that you just don't conduct yourself in the same manner as you would when buying a bale of peat moss for instance, or even a dishwasher. There were rules.

In spite of all the indoctrination, I

committed a boo boo early in the game. When we entered the first shop the following day, I greeted the antique dealer with, "What's new, Mac?"

My wife pulled the next boner. She walked over to a rickety hutch cabinet mercifully propped against an old clothes tree for support and sighed loudly. Our friends deliberately warned us about being too obvious if we spotted anything we liked. "If the dealer ever suspects you're slightly interested," they said, "he'll hold firm on his first quote."

On the other hand, the shop owner will usually act as if he's not very anxious to part with any of his stuff. Just asking for the price of anything in his "collection" is like trying to bargain for the Pieta.

Since we already showed our hand in this shop, we retreated to one just across the street. It was quaintly called YE OLDE DEN OF ANTIQUITY. We entered indifferently. But it didn't take too long for my wife to find another hutch cabinet, even more forlorn than the first. She looked as if she just found the Mona Lisa discarded in a back alley.

She began examining everything in the place and she purposely went out of her way to avoid the hutch cabinet. I followed behind, looking sophisticated and wondering how anybody can tell the difference between second-hand and antique.

The shop owner, in the meantime, sat in a modern, plastic tear drop chair in the rear of the shop reading the Wall Street Journal and pretend-

ing we weren't there.

After about 20 minutes of avoiding each other, my wife made the first move. She cleared her throat. The dealer put down his newspaper and raised his eyes. The wheels of commerce started turning. "We're interested in that grandfather clock over there in the corner," my wife said, decoying the dealer.

"It's a fine piece," the man commented. "It's a genuine Abernathy. About 1760."

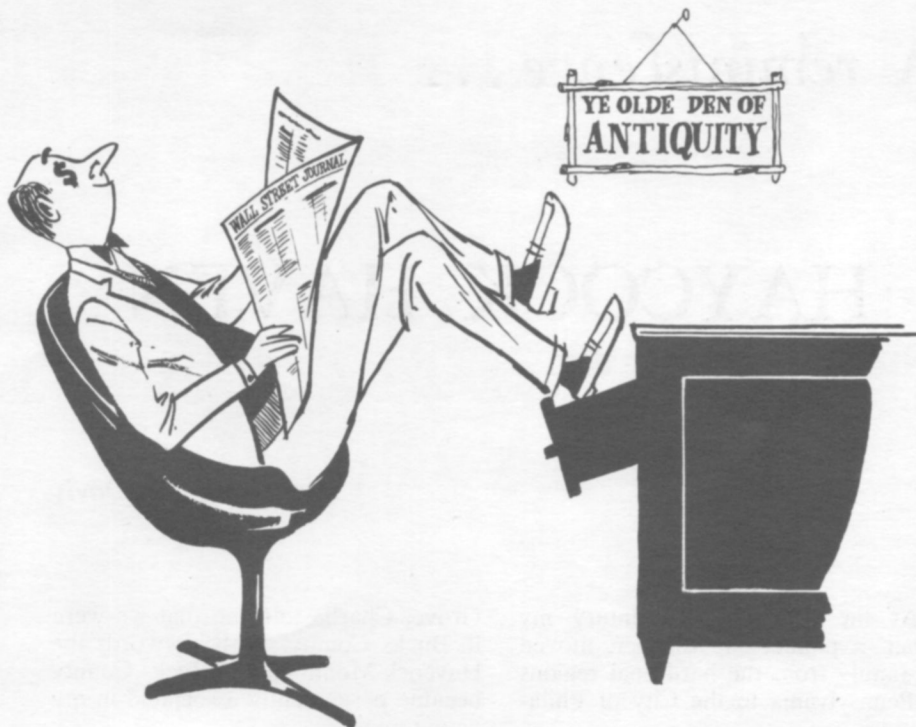
"That's not a bad price," I said.

The dealer pretended he didn't hear me and we priced a number of other objects in the shop while I limped behind my wife, silently nursing a spike heel wound on my instep. When we were fairly certain that the dealer was convinced we weren't interested in the hutch cabinet, my wife said. "Incidentally, we're merely curious about the price of that hutch over there."

The shop owner, who no doubt had encountered thousands of shrewd buyers like us during his business career, stroked his chin. "It's a very fine Hepworth and it's only \$98."

There was a short lull while my wife and I looked at each other and I could see her hand twitching on her purse catch. Luckily we both remembered rule 4 of the antique buyers' code: "Don't jump at the first price. If you hold out, the price will come down. Antique dealers don't let anybody walk out empty-handed."

We walked very slowly toward the
continued on page 20



Illustrated by Frank Ivan Stiles

HISTORIC EATING PLACES OF BUCKS

A Series

THE HOMESTEAD RESTAURANT OF LAVENDER HALL

Traveling north on Route 532 above Newtown, one comes upon a magnificent porticoed structure with the intriguing name The Homestead of Lavender Hall. The history of the building and the business it houses is complex and begins when the original home was built by Benjamin Taylor I between 1707 and 1709. The two and a half story three room house would be tiny by today's standards but was considered spacious in its day. The carved oak ceiling and huge fireplace (both originals) remain intact. The property became known as the Taylor Homestead and remained in that family for many generations until 1896.

The first addition to the homestead was made between 1720 and 1728 and is in the style of the Cedar Grove and Anthony Wayne Mansions. Later renovations destroyed the original fireplaces in the downstairs room but they were restored by the present owner with paneling copied from the untouched upstairs rooms and with replicas of the mantels in the Cedar Grove Mansion. A corner cupboard is a copy of one in the Anthony Wayne Mansion. This restoration has returned what is now the comfortable drawing room to the authentic architectural style of its time. A second addition was made sometime in the 1800's. A copy of a photograph, circa 1887, hangs in the Gift Shop. It was given to the present owner by Mrs. Mary Taylor Gantz who tells the story of the family who lived there in her book "The Taylors of Taylorsville".

A wealthy bachelor named Amonson acquired the property in 1911 and, in a whimsical play on his name, called it "Nosnoma." It was he who removed the stucco that had been placed on the first three sections, added the final stone addition and graced the building with its stately portico.

The origin of the name Lavender Hall was not known by the present



owner until 1956 when a guest at the restaurant identified himself as the son of the woman who bought the building in 1929 for an inn. The disappointingly unromantic reason for the name is simply that she had set out to buy a house suitable for a country inn and decided to call whatever place she bought Lavender Hall.

It was in November of 1937 that today's owner, Mary Kathryn Wallace Swain and her partner Grace Dodge Rooney, on a short cut from New York to Philadelphia, first saw the building. Their reaction was "What a lovely place for a restaurant." At that time the house was being used as an antique shop. In August of 1941 they bought the "lovely place" and, after extensive renovating to repair the ravages of time, opened their doors on October 23, 1941. The war came in December of that year and by April 1943 gas rationing forced them to

Photo by J. W. Milligan
close until May 1946.

But the story of the partnership that made The Homestead of Lavender Hall began in 1930 in Asbury Park, New Jersey when a young college professor accompanied two of her students on a job-hunting trip. The students were seeking employment in one of the three Homestead Restaurants owned by Mary Ann Millar and Miss Rooney. The girls got jobs as waitresses and the professor was later hired as hostess. That marked the time that the professor, Mary Kathryn Wallace, became enamored of the restaurant business and thus began a partnership that was to last 26 years and 8 months until the death of Miss Rooney in 1957. The partnership of Mrs. Millar and Miss Rooney was of 27 years duration. Thus, the Home-

continued on page 11

MOBILITY FOR THE POOR

by Ernest H. Fleming

Much of the frustration and despair associated with poverty can be attributed in Bucks County directly to the lack of adequate transportation available to the poor. Consider the nature of poverty in Bucks—wide dispersion (except for a few isolated instances in the central and lower areas) and the magnitude of the problem of bringing the poor into close contact with needed jobs, training and social services becomes readily apparent.

The League of Women Voters of the Doylestown area, completed quite recently a very impressive study on transportation in Bucks. It is most interesting to note one of their findings as follows: "Public transportation is very limited. The major portion is directed toward Philadelphia. Practically speaking, there is little or none available for inter-county travel." This simple statement contains the essence of the heartache and general misery connected with poverty in Bucks County.

Mention poverty in Bucks to those

circles which admit it exists at all and the usual reaction is that the subject applies only to two geographical areas: Bristol Terrace and Bristol Township, and Lacey Park in Warminster Township. Whereas these are two readily visible areas because of the nature of the housing, they do not reflect the extent of poverty in Bucks. In fact, evidence indicates that there are residents in these two areas who are considerably above the guidelines for poverty set by the Office of Economic Opportunity: \$3,000.00 for a family of four, and \$500.00 for each additional member. Another impression is that the majority of those in poverty are non-white. The opposite is true to the extent of 95% white and 5% non-white.

The 1960 census found more than 6,000 families to be living in poverty in Bucks at the three thousand level or less. One thousand, six hundred were in upper, 1,800 in central and 3,000 in lower Bucks. A larger number of marginal families is not listed for consideration here. This is a seg-

Ernest H. Fleming, Executive Director Bucks County Opportunity Council, received a B.S. Degree in Business Administration from the University of Pennsylvania and has completed 26 years both active and reserve with the U. S. Army and holds the rank of Lt. Colonel. From 1957 until 1964 he was Chairman of the Veterans Committee State Conference and traveled throughout the state promoting projects he pioneered. He is a former Vice President of the Concord Park Civic Association and is an active member and trustee of Salem Baptist Church, Jenkintown.

ment of our population which must be transported to jobs, training and needed social services or have these brought to them. Since public transportation is practically non-existent, this leaves the automobile the primary means of transportation.

How does a family of four with an income of \$3,000.00 per year obtain and maintain a dependable automobile in Bucks County? Frankly, I do not know. However, I am thoroughly familiar with expressions of agony from members of affluent families who complain of the high costs of operating an automobile. How, then, can the poor get to the jobs and services they need in a manner they can afford and can depend upon? The obvious answer is public transportation, but there is none.

In the area of jobs and training, it would be a mistake to conclude that ample opportunities do not exist in the county for all who want to and are able to work. The more than 700 manufacturing industries employing some 48,000 employees offer tremendous job opportunities as do the large number of shopping centers dispersed throughout the county. The major obstacles are getting the poor trained (transporting them for training) to meet the requirements of a wide variety of skills and then getting them to the available jobs. Large numbers of persons commute from outside the county to fill these jobs because they

continued on page 15



Ernest H. Fleming looks on as County Commissioner Charles M. Meredith makes "Operation Contact" awards to Karen Ramsey and Patrick Ferry. Also, left to right, Robert McNally, Assistant Director Opportunity Council; Joseph Reid, Office of Economic Opportunity, Washington; John Sharp and Karen Lydecker, Director and Assistant Director of Council sponsored summer program at Lacey Park, Warminster.

YOUNG READER'S SECTION

THE AUTUMN ARGUMENT

by Daphne Hogstrom

When Autumn rolled around in pre-historic days, some cave man doubtless pulled his fur skin tightly around his shoulders, sought sticks and twigs to build a fire, and snorted "yugh!" — meaning "cold and horrid!" — to his mate.

His mate, on the other hand, may well have stood at the mouth of their cave looking out over the fiery masses of earth and forest, seeing the flaming colors of the leaves and grasses — and grunted "yagh!" — meaning "bright and beautiful!" — in reply.

And the argument still rages today. Down through the years, in ballad, song and story; in legend, poem and tale — the discussion continues.

"Crown'd with the sickle, and the wheaten sheaf, . . . Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain, comes jovial on," said James Thomson, in his poem, *Autumn*, written in 1730.

But, ". . . chill November's surly blast made fields and forests bare," wrote the great Scots poet, Robert Burns, in his *Man Was Made to Mourn*, of 1786.

"Season of mist and mellow fruitfulness," said the Englishman John Keats, some time in his brief life between 1795 and 1821.

But, "November's sky is chill and drear, November's leaf is red and sear," said Sir William Scott, in his *Marmion* of 1808.

"Magnificent autumn! He comes not like a pilgrim clad in russet weeds; not like a hermit, clad in gray; but like a warrior . . . his step like a flail on the threshing floor," sang William Wordsworth Longfellow in the 1800's.

However, William Cullen Bryant, American poet and journalist, seems to argue with Mr. Longfellow's point of view when he writes, in his *Death of the Flowers* of 1832,

"The melancholy days are come,
the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
and meadows brown and sere."

Yet that same William Cullen Bryant could also find beauty in those "melancholy days", as these lines from his *To the Fringed Gentian*, also written in 1832, prove:



"Thou blossom bright with Autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,

That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night."

Thomas Hood likewise appears divided in his affections when he says, in his *Ode, Autumn*, of 1827, "I saw old Autumn in the misty morn stand shadowless like silence, listening to silence." Yet, in speaking of November, that month at the very heart of Autumn, describes it as:

"No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,

No comfortable feel in any member —

No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,

No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, nor birds, November!"

But John Greenleaf Whittier, writing in the same nineteenth century, sees the season in an entirely different light when he says: "The tints of Autumn — a mighty flower garden, blossoming under the spell of the enchanter, frost."

Alfred Lord Tennyson adds to the discussion on the dark side of Autumn with these lines from his poem *The Princess*, written in 1847:

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,

Tears from the depth of some divine despair

Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,

In looking on the happy autumn-fields

And thinking of the days that are no more."

Mathew Arnold also seems to find Autumn a melancholy time of the year when he writes, in his *Rugby Chapel* of 1867; "Coldly, sadly descends the autumn evening. The field strewn with its dank yellow drifts of withered leaves, and the elms, fade into dimness apace."

But "O, it sets my heart a clickin' like the tickin' of a clock, when the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock," said James Whitcomb Riley, a well known poet of dialects, who died in 1916.

continued on page 15

GHOST TALES OF BUCKS

A Series

by *Adi-Kent Thomas Jeffrey*

POLTERGEIST IN THE APARTMENT

"Poltergeist" is a term used by believers in spiritism to define a certain type of ghost—a mischievous, annoying ghost. This spirit makes its presence known with certain phenomena which include, according to the *Columbia Encyclopedia*, "rapping, movement of furniture, the breaking of crockery for which there is no apparent scientific explanation."

In all of Bucks County there is no better example of poltergeist presence than in the apartment of Carl Gualiaro in Lumberville.

Carl occupies a first floor apartment in an old frame house dating back prior to 1730. The structure is charming and beckoning with its warm red color. It stands at the juncture of Fleecy Dale Road and the River Road.

Inside the house is equally inviting. Carl's apartment stretches through three mellow rooms shaped of honey-toned plank flooring plus a sunny kitchen. The living room and dining room shelter an old fireplace each.

What more could a tenant ask for? "Nothing," admits Carl Gualiaro who loves his river edge abode and cares for it like a doting parent. "But sometimes one gets more than one asks for," adds this fifth grade school-teacher in the Danboro Elementary School. "I got ghosts."

A special brand of hauntings, too, Carl has learned. Poltergeist. Annoying, bothersome spirits (if such they be) who needle him almost daily with tiny incidents. Small, but not too small to overlook.

He removes a shirt at night, placing it on the bedroom chair. In the morning it's gone. Where does he find it? On top of the refrigerator in the kitchen! He goes to make coffee and



finds the top of the percolator missing. Hours later, having had to give up making coffee, he finds it under a pile of dishes in the sink when he knows vividly that when he removed it from the percolator originally he had put it on the sideboard.

Then there is the minor annoyance of the telephone. Carl's handsome French-style telephone has tiny rubber feet that leave a mark on the desk top, so he makes a point to keep the phone in the identical spot on the desk in order not to mark up any further area of the wood surface. Almost every day when he comes home from teaching the telephone is in another place on the desk. Often so far out of position, the wire is stretched to its taut limits.

The desk chair also will be in a different position.

On another occasion, for no apparent reason, the towel rack in the bathroom fell from the wall to the floor.

Another time, a rapping came at the kitchen door at two o'clock in the morning. Carl got up and opened the door. There wasn't a sign of a person, an animal or a scraping tree branch. He has never been able to explain the incident.

One of the strangest occurrences happened this Summer when during the heavy-rain-days a friend came in the back door, walked into the dining room and flopped down on a chair. At his feet on a newly cleaned rag rug, Carl saw with dismay a huge brown patch of heavy oozing mud. "Hey, look what you brought in on my clean rug!"

The friend apologized. "I'll get someone in tomorrow to clean it for you, don't worry."

That night when Carl returned home he made a point to take a look at the rug to see how badly the mud had set in. The rug was perfectly clean. There wasn't a sign of the mud patch, nor even the remains of a stain. It was utterly clean.

He called his friend. Had he sent someone over while Carl was out? Of course not. Take a look again. Must be the darkness deceiving him. By sunlight the next morning, the friend assured Carl, he'd see the mud again. But he didn't. The next day the rug looked as spic and span as it had the night before.

Added to this confounding incident was a still more remarkable rug phenomena. In the living room Carl had a 9 x 12 Oriental rug which stretched before the fireplace area. Through the early Spring months, right after moving in, Carl had walked across it in his bare feet every day. Then a strange thing happened. One morning he walked across it and stepped into a sopping wet corner. He looked down. The near corner of the Oriental rug was dark with wetness. He reached down and felt it. His hand came up so moist, tiny drops fell from his finger tips.

He could scarcely believe it. From where could such a quantity of water in the middle of the living room come? He examined the fireplace chimney; the windows (which are painted shut and never opened); the cellar beneath the parlor to see if any pipes or vents exuded water from beneath. Nothing. No cats or dogs had ever come in. Nothing was open nor leaking from the ceiling. It could come from nowhere. Yet the rug corner was wringing wet day after day. In spite of repeated attempts to dry it out before the fire, the corner of the rug remained soaking wet for two months (even though the floor boards beneath were completely dry).

Finally the rug began to smell of mold and Carl, in late August, took it up and disposed of it.

These phenomena are not partial to Carl. They occur also to friends. Take Labor Day weekend just passed. John Perno and Bud Lubonski came for a visit. When Carl told them of his poltergeist the two men laughed, "Who you trying to kid?"

But they didn't laugh for long. Just before retiring John put down a book he was reading and removed his glasses. Bud came into the room just as John was fumbling to set his glasses down on the night table. Bud reached for them and set them down on the table next to the book for him, then turned the light out.

In the morning John couldn't find

his glasses. "I put 'em right there next to your book," said Bud. He stared. There were no glasses. Bud began to look about, under the beds, under the table. John located his contact lenses and helped in the search. Where did they find them? On the coffee table in the living room. John and Bud stared at Carl when he came into the parlor. "How can that be? We didn't leave our room last night!"

How can it be? What causes the disturbances of every nature in the apartment? Believers in spiritualism say that it is poltergeist, mischievous spirits. Parapsychologists studying such phenomena believe them to be the result of psychic powers in the thoughts of those living now in the house which are in rapport with the thoughts and experiences of those who lived in the house before them. The actual movement and displacement of objects is due, say the parapsychologists, to psychokinesis, the science of the control of mind over matter. The thoughts of the occupant of the home, unconsciously, cause the movement of the furniture, dishes, phones, etc. And the thoughts of the present dwelling subconscious could conceivably be touched by the thoughts of the subconscious of the former occupants.

Who lived in the red house before Carl Gualiaro? A couple of unusual background . . . James and Dorothy Henry. She was educated in India; he in Hong Kong. Their apartment radiated Oriental influence in cobra snake candles; Chinese lanterns; Oriental rugs. They even planted bamboo trees which still can be seen in the back yard.

They were an unhappy pair. They were said to feel at odds with the world; with the country; with their town; with each other. They died under identical circumstances in their middle years . . . only six months apart of a stroke which occurred on the very sofa which still stands in the parlor.

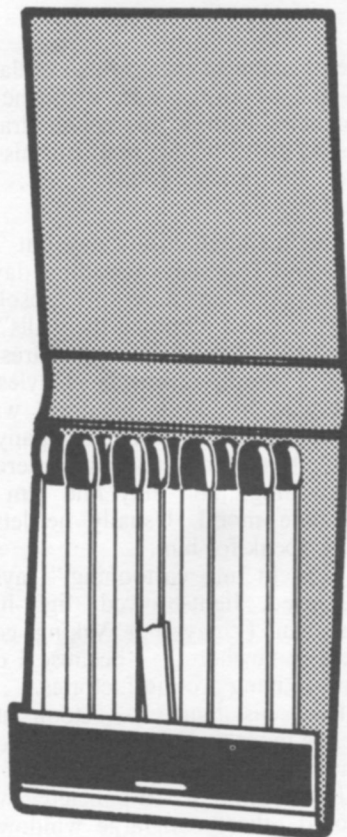
Does their chip-on-the-shoulder attitude towards life touch the life of Carl Gualiaro? Through their thoughts still suspended in the mellow rooms of the old house or through their restless unhappy spirits come back to haunt their successor in the house? The objects involved in the weird incidents except for the rag rug did belong to the Henrys.

These are not answers, only ideas for Carl Gualiaro to ponder when next he comes home and finds mud on the rug or his phone displaced or his chair moved and wonderingly asks himself,

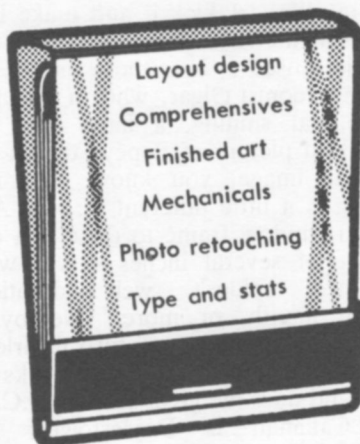
"Why?"



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Historic

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stead Restaurant, so named because it all began as a tearoom in a house known as the Cook Homestead in Oakhurst, New Jersey, has been operated for 51 years by these three women.

With the closing of Lavender Hall in 1943, Miss Rooney and Mrs. Swain opened a restaurant called The Homestead of Philadelphia at 1522 Walnut Street and it became the first restaurant in that city to use Colonial Service (meaning that relishes and vegetables are passed family style). A year later they purchased 1913 Walnut Street where they remained in business until 1955. From 1946 until 1955 they operated Lavender Hall as a summer place open each year from May to Thanksgiving. In 1955 Lavender Hall first remained open all year around and it was also in that year that the Terrace Room was added. It is this room that boasts the tree that grows through the roof and the waterfall behind it.

And so the explanation of the unusual name is that the original Homestead Restaurant which opened May 16, 1916 grew to three restaurants in New Jersey and eventually to Lavender Hall and The Philadelphia Homestead. In an interesting aside, Mrs. Swain commented that she can identify a caller's locale by the manner in which he refers to the restaurant. The Philadelphians call it The Homestead and Bucks Countians refer to it as Lavender Hall.

Mrs. Swain is a resident of Langhorne to which she and her husband, John Rockwell Swain, moved in 1955. Mr. Swain, who passed away in 1966, was an advertising man who also began his career as a college professor.

Today the gracious owner finds time to pursue a long time interest in sculpture and studies two nights a week at Mercer County Community College. Two heads that she sculpted are displayed on the mantel in the drawing room. Another project of hers is the Gift Shop in one of The Homestead's rooms that she operates in partnership with Mrs. Alice L. Cloud of Newtown, who has completed nearly 20 years as hostess at the restaurant.

Longevity of service is commonplace as the tenure of Mrs. Swain's five cooks (three who never cooked for anyone else) totals over a century. They use the same recipes that have proved popular since the very beginning of The Homestead.

In May 1954 an innovation was added that has become known far and

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Bucks County Portraits No. 14

Jerry Callahan

by Joanna Pogson

Photo by J. W. Milligan

Wearing blue suit, white shirt, blue tie with pin-head dots of red, the attache-case carrying commuter, with raincoat over one arm and newspaper under the other, boards the 5:15 express, sits back in his seat, fits his ticket in the slot provided on the seat in front, and lights his cigarette (if he remembered to enter the right car!). Opening the *Bulletin's* final edition, he glances at the darker print above the fold, then turns to the editorial page. "Wonder what Callahan has to say for himself today," he thinks and settles back to find out. . . .

This same train is heading for outlying suburban areas. There a boy on a banana-seated "Sting-Ray" bike has just landed a folded final on the red-brick patio of a neat split-level, where firethorns form a hedge and the out-door window trim needs fresh paint.

A barefoot young woman in grey slacks and black turtleneck pullover scampers out, takes up the paper and, standing in the center of her traditionally-decorated living room, turns to the editorial page. "Wonder what Callahan has on his mind today," she says aloud. Satisfied, she retreats to the kitchen where pork chops sizzle in the frying pan. A second year high school member of the family bangs the door after him with, "The paper get here yet, Ma?"

"On the sofa," is the reply.

We have to write our interpretation of Callahan's interpretation — for English," he says. "Any ideas?"

"You could read it, for one." At this, the yellow-haired youth shrugs, sits on the cushion-edge, spreads the *Bulletin* across his knees and begins to read. . . .

Similar scenes are probably repeated in the countless homes reached by the *Bulletin*. Since nearly everybody reads it, it stands to reason nearly everybody follows, too, the news cartoon strip appearing on the editorial page, created by "an ordinary 6 ft. 6 in. person" — Jerry Callahan. (John G. McCullough, Editor, Editorial Page, the *Philadelphia Bulletin* — and the man to whom Callahan surrenders material — says, "Jerry looks less like an artist than anyone I know. Reminds one of a giant pixie! You just don't expect ideas like that from someone his size! But we get

them! Some of them are so outlandish — and he knows this — and he clips the news item to his rough drawing, just to prove it's for real. But his ideas are 'uniformly good' . . . great stuff. . . .")

Catch Callahan any day but Tuesdays and Thursdays (deadline days) — "newspaper deadlines are absolute!" — when "he's climbing the walls" says free-lancer Paul Sias, who shares Callahan's studio-office in Doylestown and who has done technical writing for such firms as Budd Company and RCA but whose primary interest is playwriting. You may find him in a talkative mood. Usually he lets his work speak for him.

"I went into cartooning," says the blue-eyed, light-browed, light-haired Irishman ("maybe a Viking got in there somewhere!") "because I didn't want to hang around factories. . . ."

Like his "gutsy" cartoon strips, there's more to Callahan than the first reading. . . .

Inside the wood-paneled, white-floored office, two large windows let in the rays of the sun. By one window a large drawing board is overlooked by a draftsman's lamp ("There's always been a damned drawing board in my life! — I kick it and make love to it at the same time! — When I was a kid I used to love those pictures of the cartoonist Cigar, who in one picture, sat smiling, a lamp over his work, a picture of Popeye drawn out — the image, you know. The real thing is a little different . . ."). And from window frame to door — a distance of several inches — is a well-formed spider's web — duration: "one month, or more." Nearby, a note reads "Do not disturb Charles I (the spider) or his web. He works for me and does me great service. J.C."

"Callahan is Doylestown's Dr. Sweitzer," says Sias, whose artist wife is Assistant Curator at Mercer Museum. "He doesn't like to disturb any living thing."

Callahan, wearing yellow shirt, brown wool weskit and dark trousers, sits on a green sofa beneath the second large window and drinks a cup of tea.

"I read," says he, "that spiders are our friends — and just because they're

ugly is no reason to hate them. If Charles is there, you'll notice he's big and fat because, in nice weather, I keep the door open and let the flies in; he holds down my Raid bill — and keeps the balance of nature intact."

Callahan, who also illustrates others' work in the Sunday magazine supplement, and who would rather "be a mailman" — "look at all the exercise they get! All I do is an occasional chip and putt, and watch football from the sidelines." — was born in 1919, raised in Philadelphia "on Germantown Avenue", attended LaSalle College High School, "started to work in 1935 when my sister opened a candy store and I went to work for her," and later, "was resigned to going to war and, if I got back from that all right, to working in the best factories."

"I've always admired the receiving clerk's job. Plenty of fresh air, loading and unloading trucks, in tip-top physical condition; there, I sit," motioning to the drawing board, "smoking cigarettes like crazy, working myself into a tizzy. Now, the first class receiving clerk, the boss, had a little more responsibility — and a few more ulcers — because he carried the clipboard. So — in my younger days I reasoned that, being a second class receiving clerk was a good job. He disagrees with me," nodding toward Sias who, with a half-smile, listens quietly at his desk.

"Though too," Callahan admits, "in my neighborhood the big deal was the factory. You worked in the best factory — with the best fringe benefits — your status was high." His voice grows quiet. "But there was always 'something' there; art, I mean — cartooning, specifically . . . but others convinced me, and I convinced myself: Don't get involved in that. Too impractical; highly competitive; too 'if-y' — artists starve. . . ."

But the "art spirt" persisted and though "resigned" to go to war and return to bland but practical work, several "peculiar positions" reached out to tap Jerry Callahan on the shoulder — and eventually place him high on the roster of the country's leading news cartoonists, ("one of my

continued on page 14



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Gwen Ozenberger

Portrait

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editors recently told me that, of the ten or eleven other cartoonists in the country doing *this kind* of cartooning, mine was the most 'gutsy'; he didn't give me a raise, though; said 'which do you want, the compliment or the raise?' — and being an artist naturally I took the compliment") and who is, by preference, unaware of his large readership. ("As long as it's there; as long as I keep bringing them in; and bringing in letters; and getting checks—you know!—don't make any waves.")

Sias, who has "watched Jerry pull these things out of his own guts" feels Callahan is the epitome of professional entertainment.

"His conception of the idiom," he says, "and his treatment of the way people would talk, or think, or act in a comic situation is real; it's sound. . . ."

"Jerry's work," Sias goes on, "is about as contemporary as anything can be . . . he tries to work from yesterday's paper, at the latest. . . ."

Callahan, an unassuming and reflective man, "eschews profundities" and considers himself "comic relief" on the editorial page. "I believe that profundity is the responsibility of the editorial cartoonist—which I am not. I'm primarily a news cartoonist—more involved, in a sense, with the text in the cartoon than with the art. But if I see something both profound and funny, I'm gonna use it. . . ."

"Jerry takes a news item," comments Sias on his friend's mode of operation, and unconcerned with the interruption, "and interprets and analyzes it in antic fashion. As an individual he sees the comedy there and he draws it so others are aware of it too. Most people aren't aware of the inherent quality *inside* a piece. Jerry draws your attention to it; it's an individual interpretation that is universally accepted and when complete, universally understood. And this is one of the functions of any artist. . . ."

Callahan admits he is a "pressure man" who regards the "deadline as part of the discipline."

"From the time the item appears in the paper till the time the cartoon about the item appears, I'm . . . the closer I can get the two, the more kicks I get. . . ."

About Callahan, McCullough remarks: "Jerry seems to get as much pleasure from his completed panels as his readers do. And he watches very closely for reactions; seems able to spot these very quickly. . . ."

"I'm satisfied when I hear 'it's timely.' When I get 'it's funny and timely'—well, I've hit the jackpot!"

How does Callahan go about doing a cartoon?

"First off, I have to have any number of *personal* reactions to the item; then I re-edit it and reduce it to where it'll fit the first panel. And—in the meantime I'm sifting through various ways of treatment—; then I set the item so that I'm ready to take off in one direction in the first panel. If I'm lucky there's a laugh right there—; the one thing I've learned!—the degree of labor always shows. . . ."

McCullough says "Jerry *always* backs up his stuff with all *kinds* of research. And it shows . . . you can always tell; maybe it's hidden away, but it's there . . . it's there. . . ."

"I try to follow three rules: 1. Avoid the cliché. 2. If you can't avoid the cliché, disguise it. 3. If you can't disguise it, use it—because people *accept* clichés and will know what you're talking about."

When did Callahan's career begin? Probably in the cradle. . . . ("I don't know if artists are born or made. I have *no* idea. But I do know that if you are an artist you'll be damned unhappy if you don't get the chance to express it! I think too that every artist, at some time or other is almost literally *forced* into the position of producing . . . drawing, writing, painting, composing, whatever it might be . . . time comes when inner issues are 'forced' and the artist faces the fact: that anything else he does is mere substitution; that he can't tippy-toe round the periphery any longer; doesn't make any difference whether you're good, bad or indifferent—; finally comes the time when you'll do it. . . .")

"My sister Grace, who 'raised' me—Dad was a warehouseman and Mom was ill for a long time that I can remember—put up with my drawing cartoons instead of geometry squares and rectangles. . . ."

"Like all kids interested in the field, I idolized Jerry Doyle. He worked for the *Record* then. Back in the '30's John Liney, who does 'Henry' now, would give free cartoon lessons on Saturdays in Gimbels Toy Department—and I used to run in there—and Liney would encourage a lot of kids. He was the first 'pro' I ever met and he 'turned me on.' His enthusiasm was infectious; and he had great enthusiasm for himself. He turns out six pantomime strips a week now. And anybody who can do *that* is superhuman, in my eyes. You'll see, in my strip, the initials J. L. attached to an item; he lives in Huntington Valley and culls newspaper clippings and if he finds a specially interesting one, he

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Young Reader's

continued from page 9

Even Mother Goose gets into the act!

An unnamed contributor to this feathery lady's collection, perhaps unconsciously echoing Robert Burns, speaks of the entire year, including Autumn, as follows:

"January brings the snow,

Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,

Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,

Stirs the dancing daffodil.

"April brings the primrose sweet,

Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,

Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,

Fills the children's hands with posies.

"Hot July brings cooling showers,

Apricots and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn,

Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit,

Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

"Fresh October brings the pheasant,

Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast,

Then the leaves are whirling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,

Blazing fire and Christmas treat."

Yet another anonymous writer for that esteemed Grand Dame summed up the seasons in much the same way, bundling them in a neat, compact package, and tying it with a firm, tight string:

"Spring is showery, flowery, bowery;

Summer: hoppy, croppy, poppy;

Autumn: wheezy, sneezy, freezy;

Winter: slippy, drippy, nippy."

But perhaps Robert Louis Stevenson, writing in his *A Child's Garden of Verses*, in the late nineteenth century, comes closest to the truth about Autumn when he says:

"In the other gardens

And all up the vale,

From the autumn bonfires

See the smoke trail!

"Pleasant summer over

And all the summer flowers.

The red fire blazes,

The gray smoke towers.

"Sing a song of seasons!

Something bright in all!

Flowers in the summer,

Fires in the fall!"

And a little known poet, William Browne, writing between 1591 and 1643, may come the closest of all when he says:

"There is no season such delight can bring,

As summer, AUTUMN, winter, and the spring."



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Guest Editorial

continued from page 8

have dependable transportation capabilities. This is an advantage the poor of Bucks do not enjoy.

Regarding social services, most of these emanate from the County Seat at Doylestown and fragmentation has been only partially effective at best. Regardless of the location of subordinate elements, transportation must be involved for the majority of the poor to benefit. This fact is dramatically demonstrated during our current consideration of plans for multi-purpose communication centers across the county to help bring needed services to the poor. Five locations have been selected tentatively and we know from examining our maps that they are inadequate to reach the bulk of the poor. We know that the elements of mobility must be added, to further decentralize the centers on a circuit riding concept or arrange to bring the poor to the centers. In either case, transportation is the key element here. Our new programs, Legal Aide and Planned Parenthood, face this crucial problem now.

Every aspect of the Bucks County Opportunity Council's work with the War on Poverty is affected by the transportation problem—lack of public transportation. Each meeting of our Board of Directors, for instance, suffers because of this, not withstanding the location of the meeting. Select any problem to solve in our program and you have with it the inevitable — inadequate transportation.

We are aware that in some quarters it is felt strongly that public transportation in any appreciable amount constitutes a serious threat to the culture, the beauty and the sameness of Bucks County. Nevertheless, I submit that if we are to succeed in eliminating poverty here, one of the very first problems to be solved is that of adequate public transportation.

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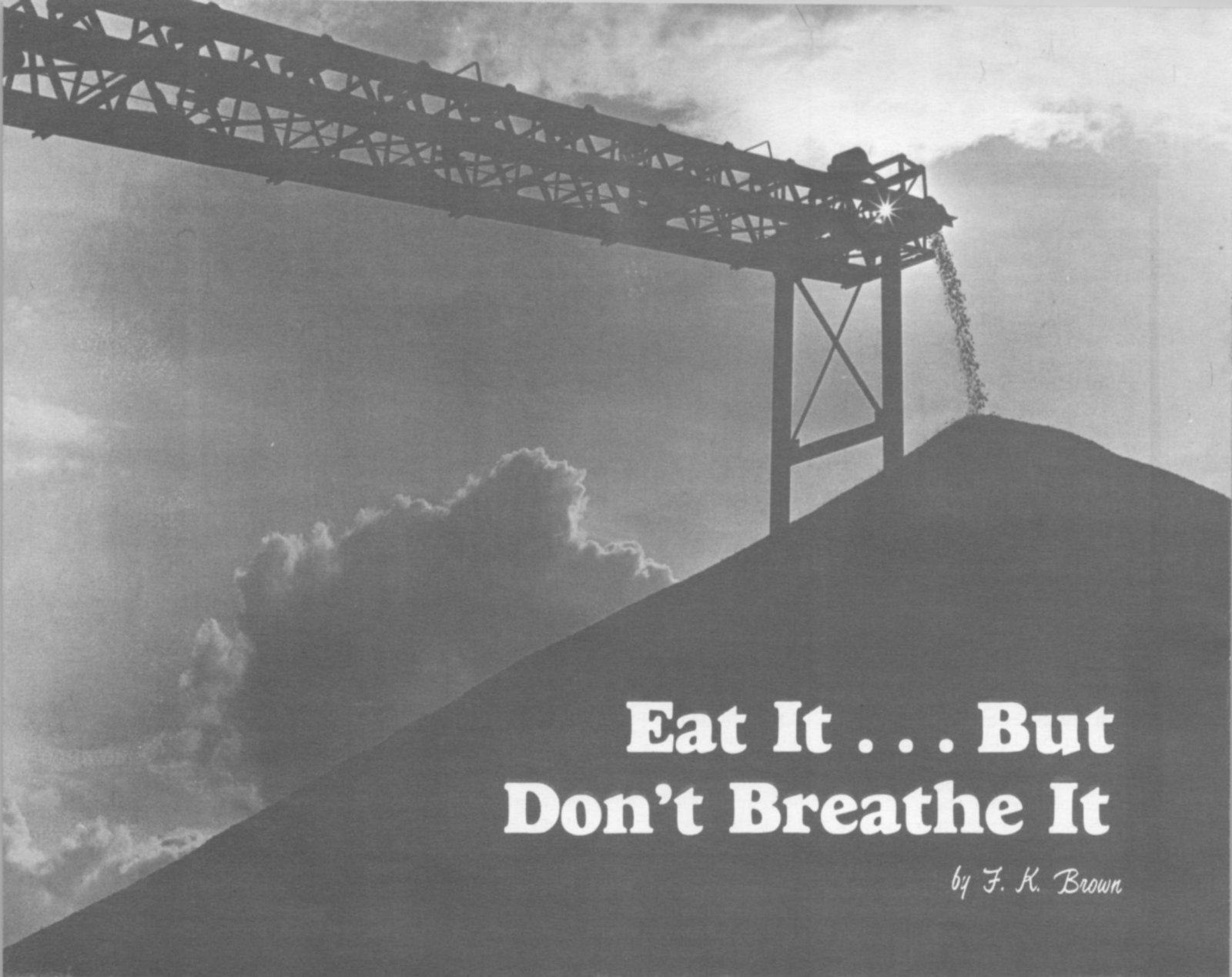
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Eat It . . . But Don't Breathe It

by F. K. Brown

The old saying has it that you will eat a peck of dirt before you're done with this life and, truth to tell, the earth has been a dusty place since Methuselah was in knee britches. But things have changed and better now you should eat that dust than breathe it. Time was in Bucks County when every horse and wagon that went up the pike stirred dust into Grandma's Sunday parlor, and no doubt she cussed, but figured it inevitable. Whether it brought her harm other than to her homemaker's pride is moot but one thing is certain, dust can and does hurt us now, for dust isn't the only thing floating about in our filthy air and craggy dust particles give piggyback rides to the things that can kill.

In Chicago, where dust fallout in the Loop area amounts to the staggering sum of 125 tons per square mile per month, doctors at the Med-

ical School conducted some experiments to show the relationship between dust and the rising incidence of lung cancer. They found that carcinogen particles that can cause malignancy were in themselves too light to settle in the lungs and would float about harmlessly until exhaled, but when they attached themselves to a heavier particle of ordinary, garden variety dust, small enough to pass the nasal guardians but heavy enough to settle in lung tissue, the carcinogens lingered to do their deadly work. In their experiments cancer was caused in every case in the experimental animals. Thus, while dusty roads and wagons made a mess of Grandma's parlor, the chances are her lungs didn't suffer too badly, but today — well, out there on the highways and byways of Bucks benzpyrene pours forth from the exhausts of our cars and benzpyrene causes cancer.

Dust wasn't benevolent even in Grandma's day, for it has always clogged lungs, making breathing difficult and overloading and often enlarging the heart. In a dusty atmosphere, sufferers from bronchitis and pneumonia have always had less chance to recover. It can be seen, then, that it is far better to attack the enemy, dust, at its source rather than scat it about with a dust mop and hide it under the rug along with the fact that, one, it is harmful; two, a good bit of our daily dust production is unnecessary.

Naturally, in Bucks County, as across the world, some places are dustier than others. For instance, if you come over the hill on Route 232 from Richboro toward Penns Park, you will see Wrightstown Township spread out below and hovering over a good bit of Wrightstown Township are clouds of dust, dead giveaways to

the quarries operating there. One quarry, Better Materials Corporation, however, is becoming difficult to find thanks to Rudy Kraus' gung-ho approach to the problem of "fugitive dust" as defined by the Pennsylvania Air Pollution Commission, and the results are clearly visible — ah, non-visible — from any high vantage point in the area.

Mr. Kraus' concern for conservation is evident the minute one turns into the quarry from Swamp Road. A natural barrier of trees, an old tree-line that once separated the fields of a farm, has been carefully preserved and broached only where roads were an absolute necessity. A small lake, man-made, is landscaped and seeded between highway and quarry, and fruit trees and young saplings have been planted across grassy meadows. Wherever possible, quarry roads have been paved to keep down the dust and those not paved are wet down every morning by a large sprinkler truck. True, beyond this well-kept park area loom the pre-historic looking monsters of quarry machinery and the sheer rock cliffs exposed in the hillside, but the impression is one of a shipshape operation, and why should it not since Mr. Kraus was a member of that most shipshape of organizations, the U.S. Navy, during World War II?

There is no denying that a quarry can be a very dusty place. Trucks and machinery seem to be constantly on the move, rock is crushed into stones and carried about by conveyer belts to piles according to size. Finally, rock is blasted from the quarry wall, a process in which it is all but impossible to control the rise of dust into the air, but this dust settles quickly. Most of it.

It is the constant production of dust in the other operations that poses the problem. For instance, one of the prime causes of dust rises in the "surge pile," a vast storage heap from which stone is drawn. The smaller the stone, the greater the dust, so that Mr. Kraus has designed an electronic impulse vibrator. It is a huge tank-like contraption that hangs beneath the conveyor belt carrying smaller stones to the pile and through which they pour, the dust being trapped within. The process of separating smaller stones from large also produces clouds of dust, but if these screening operations are enclosed in shed-like structures, a good deal of this dust cannot get into the air. As part of his future plans Mr. Kraus envisions enclosing the smaller sheds in larger ones to increase the efficiency of dust abatement. The production of asphalt in a quarry can also be a

dusty business, but a thousand gallons of water a minute run through the machinery at 450 degrees brings down dust particles in the condensation of steam.

Keeping dust down on the ground where it belongs isn't cheap. Mr. Kraus estimates that Better Materials Corporation has spent close to \$50,000 to date on its dust abatement program and he budgets about \$20,000 a year to improve and enlarge the quarry's control of dust. It should be noted that merely installing the equipment is not enough, for the most sophisticated of dust abatement procedures are only as good as their maintenance and usage.

Why would a quarry spend this kind of money for equipment that brings in no revenue? For two reasons really: for the sake of the quarry employees and because the quarry must live with the community beyond its gate. Most people, especially the neighbors, may find quarries a nuisance—noisy, dusty, a place where huge trucks and machines rumble about from dawn to dark and where

occasional blasting can shatter nerves and crack plaster and pipes. No doubt they are a nuisance, but a necessary nuisance, for an expanding area needs stone and lots of it. Everyone wants new highways and convenient parking at supermarkets, schools and plants. Like it or not, people then have to live with quarries. By the same token, however, quarries must live with people, and since people are, or ought to be more important than stone, the quarries must make all the basic moves to get along with the human race. Refraining from contaminating the air that people must breathe is the most basic of these responsibilities to people. Mr. Kraus seems to be trying hard to live up to this responsibility.

There are approximately 22 quarries or quarry-like operations in Bucks County. Let us hope that they are all trying hard not to add to the aerial filth that is accumulating so swiftly above our comfortable lives filled with so many material goodies, for if they are not they will help to strangle us yet.

Photos by J. W. Milligan



Fashion Section

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Rosalba hairpieces top this long narrow dress of black and silver sequins featuring a small mandarin collar and silver sequined belt. By Lisa Meril.

INSTANT

COIFFURE

The Holiday Season is just around the corner and you will be starting to cram your social calendar with additional shows, special tete-a-tetes, luncheons and dinners. With all this invigorating and sometimes frantic activity there is one problem I know every woman faces . . . the hairdresser. Naturally you will always frequent your beauty salon but it certainly isn't something you can do spontaneously, nor can you be instantly ready for anything! But . . . with a WIG you can! Wigs are one of the greatest things that has ever happened and don't let anyone tell you any different! They are the modern answer to the need for looking glamorous and chic seven days a week.

Today, wigs are creating a major revolution in the world of fashion. And women are behind it all . . . women of every age group and economic bracket. The reasons are quite simple. Wigs are no longer luxury items purchased and worn only by movie stars and society's elite. Now, every woman can afford to own a wig. And the wig has become an integral part of her life, whether she is a busy career gal or a homemaker involved in community affairs. She depends on her wig. It's a vital fashion accessory and beauty aid second only in importance to her cosmetics. She loves the convenience of looking instantly elegant when time is scarce. She also has definite ideas as to how her wig should

look and behave.

You used to be able to spot a wig a mile away. Now, they are just fantastic!! Soft . . . shiny . . . natural looking . . . styles galore and colors unbelievable.

Hats fit very nicely over the wig and there is really no need to buy special hats just for your wig. In fact, after you've removed your millinery, your coiffure will not even be the least bit tousled.

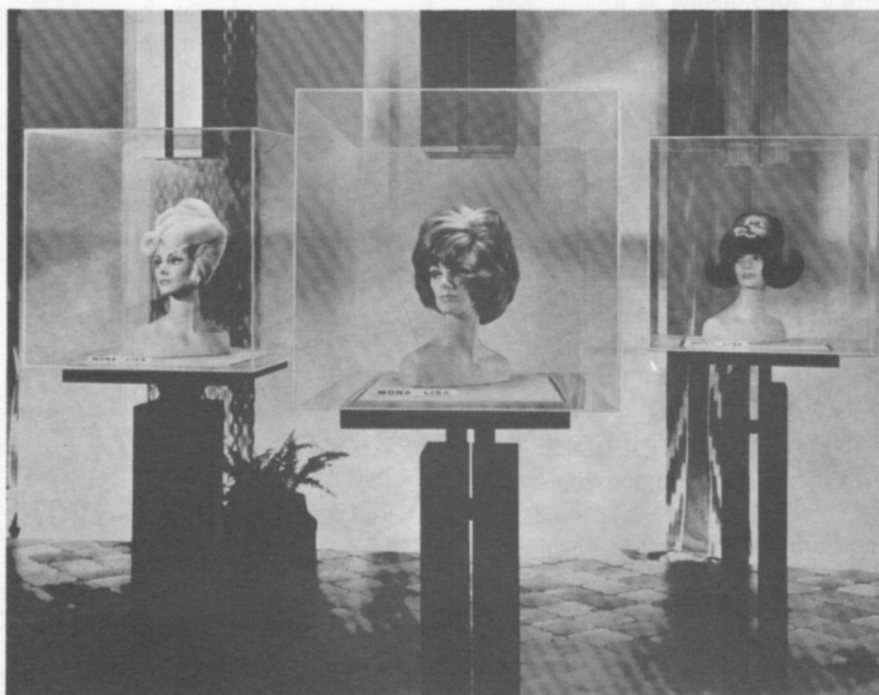
Other clever ideas for an instant

coiffure would MOST DEFINITELY include wiglets, hair pieces and falls. You can keep your own hair style and simply add this little something extra and . . . wham! . . . the change is tremendous! Just plop it on and you're off to whatever pleases madame's fancy.

Wigs, wiglets, swinging switches, wispy curls and bouncy falls are all worth their weight in gold!!

Debbie Knittweis

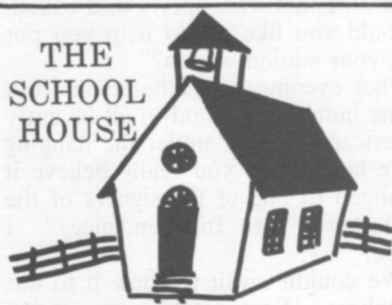
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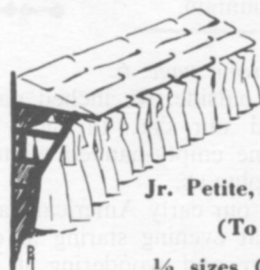
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■ A wig can be worn right after the owner's hair has been washed. She simply dries her hair and slips on her wig.

■ The wig should always be held carefully and touched as little as possible to avoid disturbing the set.

■ A wig should be brushed with a quality hairbrush.

■ Cleaning and other wig servicing should be performed only by the professional in the salon or beauty shop.

■ The frequency of cleaning required by a wig depends on how often it is worn. If it is worn constantly, it may require cleaning every four to six

weeks. Less often, if worn only occasionally.

■ A wig set will last much longer than a woman's own hair set since it is unaffected by her natural scalp oils, and because she doesn't sleep in her wig.

■ When the wig is not being worn, it should be placed on a styrofoam block and covered with a SILK cloth (not plastic). The wig should not be stored for long periods in a cellophane bag or wig carrying case. These cases are ideal only for travelling but do not allow the hair to "breathe".

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HATBORO

Haycock

continued from page 5

Darkness was now approaching. That night, sandwiched between the men, I was as snug as that proverbial bug in a rug and soon in slumberland.

I awoke late the next morning. Pop had already returned with more water and Charlie had the breakfast fire crackling. That cool woodland-scented air, laced with the aromas of frying bacon and bubbling coffee, was the finest air I have ever breathed.

After breakfast, the dishes cleaned and fire extinguished, we cached the canned foods and other gear in the far recess of the cave. Then the long homeward trek.

Some forty years ago, with my wife and our first born, we moved from the city to the Borough of Hatboro. We liked the rustic atmosphere of the town and, of prime consideration, the availability of rail and trolley service.

In the intervening years I have seen

much of Bucks County. We have been through the beautiful valleys of the Tohickon and Neshaminy. Have picnicked at Forest Park and Chain Bridge, and at Ralph Stover and Washington Crossing parks.

I have seen the colorful barges plying the canal, and have watched them netting shad down by the paper mill in New Hope. But nothing has ever surpassed that first camping trip of mine, over a half a century ago, . . . to Haycock Mountain.

Happiness

continued from page 6

door. Once outside, we inched painfully toward our car. In fact, we reached home empty-handed without anyone stopping us.

We sat in our early American family room that evening staring at our empty corner and wondering if we missed up on a rule covering this situation.

My wife couldn't sleep that night

She kept tossing and mumbling, "The heck with the rules."

The following day we rushed back to the antique shop and my wife walked boldly over to the hutch and sighed loudly. The antique dealer also broke a rule. He dropped his newspaper, walked over spryly and asked, "Would you like me to help you put it in your station wagon?"

That evening we gathered in front of the hutch as it stood in all its early American splendor under the hanging eagle lamp. "Do you really believe it belonged to one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence?" I asked.

We couldn't wait to show it to our neighbors. Fortunately, we didn't have to wait long. The Stubbs heard about our purchase and hurried over. But unfortunately, George had to ruin the entire evening for us. As soon as he walked in he asked, "What's new, folks?"

Portrait

continued from page 14

sends it on. . . .

"At thirteen, I attended his quote private lessons unquote for half a buck an hour; Liney could make you feel as if you were heading in a straight direction.

"Well, I left school, went to work in a series of factories and then went to war. Took my basic training at Camp Blanding, Fla."

Committed to the 84th Infantry Combat Zone, Callahan saw fighting across Germany.

"When the war was over, there we were! And it looked like a lot of guard duty on the way—so, and here, I was placed in one of my 'peculiar positions'; Shrivingsham University in England had an art course, and I thought, well, either take *this* deal for three months and receive credits, or pull guard duty. I took the course!"

The course over, Callahan started back to Germany on a troop train. Many from his division were returning to the states. Unmarried, he had not accrued enough points—"and I was returning to I knew not what! Then in the LeHavre station, another 'peculiar position'—I came face to face with a beautiful, streamlined civilian train heading for Paris.

"I'd sent some cartoons to *Stars and Stripes* headquartered in Paris. They'd sent me a letter saying 'send necessary information for us to initiate transfer from your present unit to ours. . . .' But my unit was on its way home! So—knowing the Army's red tape, I threw my duffle bag in the baggage car, jumped on, and got off in Paris."

Here Callahan takes a breathing spell and lights a cigarette.

"I went around to the *Stars and Stripes*, said 'Here I am, but I think I'm AWOL.' They gave me a meal ticket and a billet—but technically I was AWOL—until a VOCO from the Theater Commander came through."

Callahan learned to live by his wits. He was "fed, billeted, and clothed—but not receiving pay." He sold cartoons to the *Paris Post*, the European arm of the *New York Post*—"they paid by the column so I made sure I did horizontal things!—sold my PX rations; went to Frankford and the distribution center there sent my features around to the existing German branches; then went down to Altdorf—eventually the VOCO came through. But while I was there I worked with a staff of professionals. I served my apprenticeship with the Army, in effect. And they did well for me!"

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 **Bell of
Pennsylvania**

Callahan returned to factory work.

"But—how're you gonna keep 'em on the receiving platform after they've seen Parree?" he smiles. He quit. "I did the classic thing: got out and 'pounded the pavements'—showed samples. It was here I became aware that, to become a humorist, you have to have something to be humorous about. My education began . . . and this never stops. . . ."

Callahan was shooting for the *Bulletin*.

"I applied as Staff Artist. It was about 1947. Mr. Reginald Beauchamp called me to work on a promotion job—those 4th of July fireworks on the Schuylkill. After that I was hired to do illustrative and decorative spots. Then they started buying news panel cartoons. I was happy doing what I was doing! But I showed some cartoons to Melville Fergeson and he handed me a book of Francis Dahl. A collection of his stuff. This guy worked for a Boston newspaper. And he intrigued me. What Dahl did was take

an attitude toward the things that were happening in Boston. And he could be amusing and witty! But I had been doing this same thing—privately. So—I started looking for funny news items. They used two a week. Now they're using three . . . July of this year (1967) was the 20th anniversary. . . ."

In 1949 Callahan married Eleanor Urban who, at the time of her marriage, was an officer in the Court of Common Pleas, Philadelphia. They moved to Abington Township. In 1955, the family moved to a ranch home at the eastern end of Doylestown whose interior Mrs. Callahan calls "a hodge-podge of lovely old pieces"—her husband's favorite being "a highboy that goes back 250 years."

Beth, a seventeen year old art major at Central Bucks, is following in her father's footsteps. She hopes to continue in art education and eventually teach the subject. Twelve year

continued on page 32



Bucks County Nature Almanac

by Elias Borden

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"And covers with her million leaves
The children of the wood."

- 1—Mud Turtles may be seen, soon to hibernate.
- 2—Leopard Frogs are going into the mud bottoms of ponds for the winter.
- 3—American Pipit arrives from the north as a winter visitor.
- 4—Bur Oak is a mass of wine-colored leaves.
- 5—Wood Ducks are leaving to spend the winter in southern U.S.
- 6—Just about all the leaves have fallen off the Cottonwood tree.
- 7—Witch Hazel tree, a late bloomer, is displaying yellow flowers.
- 8—Milkweed pods are silking in fluffy clouds.
- 9—Mourning Doves depart to winter in southern U.S.; many will remain.
- 10—Northern Redwing (Red Winged Blackbird) is flying to southern U.S.
- 11—Clusters of small white berries on bare stems will be Poison Ivy.
- 12—The forest floor is rich in browns — yellows — reds.
- 13—White Snake Root still blossoms white.
- 14—Spotted Turtles are going into mud bottoms for the winter.
- 15—A 9:00 P.M. South line passes thru the Great Nebula in constellation Andromeda (the Chained Lady).
- 16—Rusty Blackbirds are moving thru

— north to south.

- 17—A few Dandelions can still be seen; many green basal rosettes.
- 18—Field Mice are gathering food for winter storage.
- 19—Short Eared Owls are moving to southern U.S.
- 20—Snakes and Lizards generally go into cold weather quarters at this time.
- 21—Some Weeping Willows are masses of yellow, others green and yellow.
- 22—Carp are hiding under the bottom in ponds.
- 23—Jagged skeletons of Wild Parsnip project above surrounding weeds.
- 24—Bare Wild Grape stems twine over host bushes.
- 25—A 9:00 P.M. South line passes thru constellation Cetus (the Whale).
- 26—Only the seed heads of Green Cone Flower remain.
- 27—White Cabbage butterflies are sheltering under bark and leaves for the winter.
- 28—Common Privet (Hedge) has assumed its beautiful fall purple color.
- 29—Fox Sparrows may be seen, visiting us for the winter.
- 30—Many of the birds' summer nests are now exposed in bare trees.

Dates shown for nature observations are approximations only. A sky south line starts at the Pole Star.

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The Literary Scene

THE TIME OF FRIENDSHIP by Paul Bowles, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, New York \$4.95

At last, at last, short stories as they should be written! This is a beautifully written collection; there is no putting it down and forgetting, for the tales haunt the reader's mind and senses. The wind moans through the salsaf trees in the author's North Africa setting, and the sun is as hot as a torch down the empty, dusty streets. People move out of time for a moment to stand in the sun, their heads full of dreams or of kif (hasheesh), then move back into the shadows. A Christian woman, no longer young, has a last glimpse of the Moslem boy she has befriended on her visits to the desert as he trots along the platform just beyond the window of her moving train; and in her hand she holds a slip of paper that is his future and the loss of the only thing that has filled her lonely life. The reader feels that loneliness return as he watches her despair. In a seemingly normal pension a grim game is played in which the landlady maneuvers an old roué to his death to protect her daughter from his raddled charms. Again, the reader feels pity for this driven victim and a sense of shock before the pitilessness of the woman who dooms him. Men conspire and perspire, but it all is as nothing under the shadowless sun, before the constant desert wind. This is truly good writing; an absolute pleasure to read.

COME COOK WITH ME by Maurice Brockway. Atheneum, New York \$4.95

Love of Bucks County and of good food are tossed lightly and served up neatly in this cookbook with a difference. Mr. Brockway, who lives in Carversville, mixes here many a fascinating recipe with his youthful worship of his grandparents' cook named Hettie and a number of Bucks County folk who live in stone houses (old). One lady in our exotic county has a secret—she rubs her pork roasts with catnip! And if you read this book and don't start a crock of tutti-frutti going, you will be without imagination and a treat. One last tip—if you see people in Bucks standing on their roofpoles lowering burlap bags full of ham down their chimneys, don't send for the funny-farm wagon; just be around next spring when they climb up there

again to bring up the hams. Then help them scrub off the woodsmoke and fall to.

THE SHOW OF VIOLENCE by Fredric Wertham, M.D.—Bantam Books, Inc., New York 95¢

Why does one human being inflict violence upon another? Is the murderer really sane? There seem to be no hard and fast answers to these questions as yet, but Dr. Wertham uses case histories to illuminate some of the dark corners of the violent mind and to show what psychiatry can and cannot do under present laws to define the responsibility of society to the murderer and to his victim. Nor is society blameless in the act of violence, for despite our lipservice to the value of human life, increasing slaughter on our highways, increasing deaths due to pollution of air and water, the bland advertising of products known to cause illness and eventual death—all these indicate our disrespect for life. As we increasingly foul our nest and overcrowd our world, are we, perhaps, spawning a rank growth of violence, of hate and fear and fury?

THE LAWYERS by Martin Mayer. Harper & Row, New York \$8.95

The reader gets into this meaty discussion (586 pages) of the law and lawyers with some difficulty, but the rewards for perseverance are large. Law, like medicine, is often a fascinating mystery for the layman and perhaps we often hold it in too much awe. Like medicine, we cannot live without it, but sometimes it seems possible that we cannot live with it, too. And finally, like medicine, law has become both specialized and ex-

pensive; the average man can neither understand nor afford it. Mr. Mayer takes the profession to task on this score, but on the other hand he praises the law schools in general and their methods of teaching. He goes on to explain the role of consistency in law, of precedent and its application, of the ancient notion that judges merely find law; they do not make it. This latter thesis, of course, runs headon into man's rapidly changing world and is exemplified by the famous question, "What was the Law in the time of Richard Coeur de Lion on the liability of a telegraph company to the persons to whom the message was sent?"

Mr. Mayer discusses in some detail the various phases of the law, beginning with the criminal process and running through negligence and personal injury cases, corporation law, patent law, etc., indicating as he goes the give and take built into the system, the large part of law that rests upon the pliant back of negotiation. The huge backlog of cases before the majority of the courts and the long waiting for justice defeat that justice in the end, he believes, and that this

continued on page 31

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The Entertainment Scene

How Can Anyone Write Such a Bad Play?

By Morris Yuter

Overheard during the intermission and following a recent performance of an awful play.

"I've never seen anything so rotten in my life."

"This is the worst piece of junk I have ever seen."

"Can't imagine why anyone would want to produce such a bad play."

How can a producer of a show not realize that he has a turkey on his hands before he decides to produce the opus?

What's the answer?

Few realize that what is read in a script, what is later seen during rehearsals, and what may result as the finished product as presented before a paying audience are, in reality, . . . three different things.

True, the basic story line may be similar . . . but there the parallel ends for the results may not jell the same way.

No producer (we think) willingly would want to risk a sizable amount of money putting on an attraction that is, in his opinion, bad. Many shows which had all the earmarks of being a hit in script form turned out to be resounding duds. Even with everything going for it such as top-flight writers, directors, stars, etc., many shows just can't make it. The musicals, *Shangri La*, based on the novel "Lost Horizon" and *Holly Golightly*, based on the novel and film success "Breakfast at Tiffany's" are examples. The most successful producers and playwrights on the boards have had their share of flops.

On the other hand, there are many scripts which are kicked about from one producer to another for years that turn out to be enormous hits. *My Fair Lady* was one of them.

Theorem: *A hit show is the perfect chemical marriage brought about by a showman with a script who has been able to combine the talents of the author with the invention of a director who can ferret out the maximum stylized abilities of his performers so successfully that it will produce a product bringing theatregoers to the box office in droves . . . providing the show appeals to them.*

Remember, not all shows by whatever standards we wish to choose become financial hits. Without audience appeal, the show is a flop regardless whether critics are sent to Cloud 9, and some theatregoers love it. The end result at the box office is the thing that counts.

Not all shows appeal to everyone. Not even writers such as Tennessee Williams, Kauffman and Hart, Paddy Chayefsky, Choderov and Fields, Arthur Miller or William Shakespeare were able to bat 1000 all the time. The most notable showman of our day, David Merrick, has had his share of unfortunate errors. But his batting average is still the best today.

A dozen or so years ago we saw a play which was considered a big hit called *Claudia*. It starred Dorothy McGuire prior to her screen career. Last year the same play was revived at one of the local summer theatres and resulted in the worst box office gross that season. Therefore, what appealed to the audiences years ago may not necessarily appeal to audiences today.

Theatrical appeal today runs the gamut of great entertainment from *Mary, Mary* and *The Odd Couple* to such garbage as *Who's Afraid of Virginia What's Her Name* and trite *Generation* comedies.

Even when a show is well done and has merit, audiences still are needed to support it, if it is to survive at all.

Some knowledgeable producers such as David Merrick, Hal Prince and Kermit Bloomgarden have closed their shows with honest integrity as soon as they realized too much was missing to bring audiences to the theatre. Still, there are other producers around who refuse to let go of their baby . . . hoping for some miracle that never comes and plunge their investors into a deeper loss.

Some scripts that read well are often destroyed in the rehearsal and tryout stages. We saw what looked like a disaster during a dress-performance of *Bye Bye Birdie*, prior to the official opening. Opening night all the chemicals worked and the magic of the theatre came alive. The show immediately was acclaimed by audience and critics alike . . . it was a HIT. To be sure, there were some odds and ends that needed tightening and work. A little fixing here and a little polishing there . . . but in the main there was no question that the show had all the elements of a winner, including the all important audience appeal, as was attested by the long line at the box office the next morning.

Two days later while still pinching himself to see if it was all a dream, producer, Edward Padula, was approached by his writers and directors with what they thought were improvements. What they had suggested were drastic changes. "Over my dead

continued on page 29

★ PLACES ★ SHOWS ★ EVENTS ★

Entertainment Guide



NEW HOPE

"Three Penny Opera" — Bucks County Community College Repertory Company. Matinee Sat. and Sun. Evening performance Tues. through Thurs. 7:30, Fri. and Sat. 8:30. Bucks County Playhouse, November 10-18.

PHILADELPHIA

"Spofford" — (or, the flesh pots of Egypt.) A new musical comedy by Herman Schumlin. Based on novel "Reuben, Reuben" by Peter De Vries. Starring Melvyn Douglas with Barbara Britton. Forrest Theatre — November 2 to November 18.

"Golden Rainbow" — World Premiere! Starring Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme. First time together in a Broadway Musical. Music & Lyrics by Ernest Kinoy & Walter Marks. Play by Arnold Schulman. Forrest Theatre — November 28-December 23. Special preview performance Nov. 27.

"The Grand Music-Hall of Israel" — The Official Ensemble of the State of Israel. Sixty exciting singers and dancers in a thrilling spectacle! Shubert Theatre — November 1 - November 19. Sneak preview Tuesday, October 31.

"Odd Couple" — From the long running hit by Neil Simon — starring Dana Andrews and Robert Q. Lewis. Walnut Theatre — November 6 for five weeks.

National Repertory Company — Shakespeare's — "A Comedy of Errors". Stephen Vincent Benet's — "John Brown's Body". Shubert Theatre — November 20 to December 2.

NEW YORK NEW SHOWS

"Mirele Efros" — The Jewish State Theatre of Poland, in its first appearance here presents Jacob Gordin's play in Yiddish. Simultaneous translation ear sets may be rented at each performance. Through December 10 Billy Rose Theatre.

"There's a Girl in my Soup" — Saint-Subber brings Terence Frisby's London comedy success starring Gig Young, Barbara Ferris, Rita Gam and Jon Pertwee, staged by Robert Cherwyn. Music Box

"The Little Foxes" — The Repertory Theatre under the direction of Jules Irving by arrangement with and under the personal supervision of Saint-Subber presents a revival of Lillian Hellman's drama starring Anne Bancroft, Margaret Leighton, George C. Scott, Geraldine Chaplin, Richard Dysart and Austin Pendleton, directed by Mike Nichols. Lincoln Center, October 26 for seven weeks.

"Daphne in Cottage D" — A new play by Stephen Levi presented by Robert J. Leder with Michael Productions starring Sandy Dennis and William Daniels, directed by Martin Fried. Longacre Theatre

"Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern are Dead" — David Merrick presents Tom Stoppard's monumental London success by arrangement with the National Theatre of Great Britain. Martin Beck Theatre

Calendar of Events



Nov. 1-30: WASHINGTON CROSSING — Narration and Famous Painting, "WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE", daily at ½ hour intervals, Memorial Bldg.

Nov. 1-30: NEW HOPE — "PARRY BARN", Arts and Crafts for Christmas, daily except Monday. 1 to 5 p.m.

Nov. 2, 3, 4: NEWTOWN — Annual "ANTIQUE SHOW", American Legion Home, Linden Ave., 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Lunch 12 to 2 p.m. Dinner 4:30 to 8 p.m.

Nov. 3, 4, 10, 11: WARMINSTER — "MUSIC MAN", The Lower Bucks County Music Theatre, at the Log College Jr. High School, Norristown Road off Street Road, 8:30.

Nov. 3 & 4: NEW HOPE — Bucks County Ballet Company, at the Playhouse, 8:30.

Nov. 4, 5, 11, 12, 18, 19: ERWINNA — "RAY H. OVERPECK", Paintings, — oil and watercolor. Stover Mill, Route 32, 2 to 5 p.m.

Nov. 4, 5, 11, 12, 18, 19: NEW HOPE — New Hope and Ivyland Railroad, Vintage Steam Train rides through scenic Bucks County, New Hope Station. Route 202. 1:00, 2:30 and 4:00 p.m.

Nov. 4: EDISON — Premiere Showing, "WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE", The Barn Cinema, 2:30 p.m. 1½ miles S. of Doylestown, Route 611.

Nov. 9, 10, 11, 16, 17, 18: CHALFONT — "GUYS AND DOLLS", by the Lenape Valley Music Theatre, Unami Jr. High School, Moyer Road, 8:30 p.m. Tickets \$2.50.

Nov. 10, 11, 12: BRISTOL — Pitonka Nursery, "CHRISTMAS OPEN HOUSE",

Bristol-Oxford Valley Road. 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Nov. 11-18: LANGHORNE — The Langhorne Players, "OH MAMA, NO PAPA", Players Barn, Bridgetown Road, Curtain Time 8:30 p.m.

Nov. 15: YARDLEY — The Martha Washington Garden Club presents Mrs. William Mowday, with Christmas Arrangements, 1 p.m. Yardley Community Center, 64 S. Main Street, \$1.00 admission.

Nov. 17: WASHINGTON CROSSING — Fall Evening Nature Lecture, Preserve Headquarters Building, Bowman's Hill 8 p.m.

Nov. 18: YARDLEY — Yardley Players — Present "BAREFOOT IN THE PARK", Yardley Community Center, 64 S. Main Street, Curtain 8:30 p.m.

Nov. 18: WASHINGTON CROSSING — Children's Nature Walks, Preserve Headquarters Building, Bowman's Hill 9 to 10:30 a.m.

Nov. 18: LEVITTOWN — Delaware Valley Philharmonic Orchestra, "ALBERT FERBER", guest artist, SWISS PIANIST, Bishop Egan High School, Wistar Road, 8:30 p.m.

Nov. 21: NEWPORTVILLE — Colonial Coin Club of Penna., Inc. Newportville Fire House #1, 8 p.m. Open to the public.

Nov. 24 & 25: BRISTOL — Arthur Miller's "THE CRUCIBLE", The St. James Players, St. James Episcopal Church Guild Hall — Cedar and Walnut Streets. Curtain 8:30 — Tickets \$1.50.

Nov. 25 & 26: YARDLEY — CHRISTMAS SHOW AND OPEN HOUSE, 175 S. Main Street (Yardley Florist), 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Nov. 25: QUAKERTOWN — North Penn Stamp Club, Richland Historical Society Building, 10 to 9 p.m.

Nov. 25, 26, 27: ERWINNA — "HANDCRAFTS FOR CHRISTMAS", Stover Mill, Route 32, 2 to 5 p.m.

Nov. 30: BUCKINGHAM — "ANTIQUE SHOW", Tyro Grange Hall, Junction Routes 202 and 263, Noon to 10 p.m.

Dec. 3: WARMINSTER — Warminster Symphony Society Children's Concert, Log College Junior High School, Norristown Road. Patrick Monaghan, pianist. Adults \$1.00, children 50¢.

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Country Inn — 49 Bustleton Pike, Feasterville. Built 1801. Lunch, dinners, cocktails. Closed on Monday.

Cuttalossa Inn — River Road and Cuttalossa Road, Lumberville. Opens in March yearly. Dinner served 5:30 - 9:30 p.m. — Open every day except Sunday. Cocktails. Phone 297-8985.

Delaware Oaks Restaurant — Route 611, Riegelsville. Lunch and dinner. Open seven days.

Ewald's Restaurant — Rt. 611, Riegelsville. Durham Room, Cocktails — Lunch 12 to 2, Dinner 5 to 9:30, Sunday 12 to 8. Phone 749-2679.

Ferndale Hotel — Route 611 between Doylestown and Riegelsville. Old inn with turn of the century appeal. Home baked pies.

Four Winds Tavern — Route 611, Revere, north of Ottsville. Open fireplace for chicken and steaks.

The Gobblers Inn — Point Pleasant. Italian menu. Dancing Friday and Saturday. Phone 297-8988.

Golden Pheasant Inn — Erwinna (above Point Pleasant on Rt. 32 River Road) Elegantly Victorian, Lodging, Restaurant and Bar. Dinner 6 to 11, Bar open at 5, Closed Sunday, Reservations preferred. Phone 294-9595.

Lil's Kitchen — Route 413 and Ferry Road, Gardenville. Open Friday and Saturday from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Open Sunday 12:30 p.m. to 8 p.m.

Main Street Restaurant — 9 S. Main, Perkasie.

Mayflower Restaurant — 518 Walnut Street, Perkasie.

Meyer's Restaurant — 501 N. West End Boulevard, Quakertown. Open daily.

North Penn Bar and Restaurant — 201 W. Broad Street, Quakertown.

Pipersville Inn — Pipersville. Closed Monday. Rec. by Duncan Hines. Phone 766-8540.

Red Barn Inn — 120 N. Main Street, Trumbauersville.

Red Door Restaurant — Adamow

Farms, Route 309 above Quakertown.
Red Lion Hotel — 4 South Main Street, Quakertown.

Ringin' Rocks Inn — Upper Black Eddy. Open 5 p.m. Dinner - Cocktails. Closed Sunday and Monday. Outdoor patio. Phone 982-8782.

Stony's Richland Inn — Route 309, Quakertown.

Tohickon House — Point Pleasant.

Trainer's Restaurant — Junction U. S. 309, State 313 and 663; 3½ miles east of turnpike exit 32. Open 6:30 a.m. to 12:30 a.m. Sunday 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. Cocktail lounge. Dinners about \$2.50 to \$5.50. Phone KE 6-4375.

Union Hotel — 7th and Chestnut Street, Perkasie.

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Bristol Motor Inn — the Buckingham Room and Elbow Room features a fine restaurant and cocktail lounge with traditional cuisine for all meals.

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Fu Mei Restaurant — 4520-26 Newportville Road, Levittown. Chinese and American food.

Gaslight Beef & Ale — 8510 Makefield Rd., Morrisville. Seafood, Italian cuisine, Old World Atmosphere.

Hart House — 252 S. State St., Newtown. Lunch, Tea and Dinner. Closed Monday.

George Washington Motor Lodge — U. S. 1, Trevoe.

Glen Lake Inn — Route 213 off Route 1, Langhorne. Open till 9 p.m. Friday and Saturday till 12 p.m. Snacks till 1:30 a.m. Dinners. Cocktail lounge. Phone WI 5-4092.

Golden Horse Inn — Route 1 and Street Road, Trevoe. Food and drink. Banquets, weddings, graduations, etc. up to 350 people. Phone ME 9-6777.

Continental Hotel — 2 Main St., Yardley.

De Grand Restaurant — Route 13 below Green Lane. Duncan Hines recommended.

Ye Olde Delaware House — Radcliffe St., Bristol. Dining Room and Cocktail Lounge. Lunch 11:30 - 2; Dinner 4:30 - 8. Closed Sunday.

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Holland House Inn — Buck Road, Route 532 between Feasterville and Newtown. Lunch, Dinner, Late Supper. Music and Dancing Friday and Saturday nights. Open Sunday.

The Homestead Restaurant (Lavender Hall) — 2 miles N. E. of Newtown on State Route 532. Open noon to 2:30 p.m. and 4:30 to 8:30 p.m. Closed Monday and Christmas. Buffet Weds. and Thurs. night; buffet lunch Weds., Thurs., and Sat. Dinners \$3.00 to \$7.00 — Cocktail lounge. Phone WO 8-3888.

The Old Mill — Horsham Road, Hatboro. Lunch, Dinner, Cocktails.

Heiser's Little Hofbrau — Rt. 263, Jamison, Beer Garden.

Jack Hansen's Inn — West Trenton Avenue, Morrisville. Opens 11:30 a.m. Phone CY 5-5179.

Howard Johnson Restaurants — Route 1, Langhorne; Route 13, Edgely Road, Levittown; Turnpike Restaurant, Trevoe.

Keystone Hotel — Mill and Bathe Streets, Bristol. Cocktails 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sunday. Spec. children's platters. Italian food. Reasonable prices. Phone ST 8-5276.

O'Boyles — Route 13 at Deaver Dam Road, Bristol. Open daily and Sunday 7 a.m. to 12 p.m. Private room available. Banquets and parties. Phone ST 8-1743.

Pennsbury Inn — Bordentown Ferry Road, Morrisville. Lunch 12 to 3 p.m.; dinner 5 to 10 p.m. 6 Banquet rooms. 12 to 350 persons. Music Friday and Saturday. Cocktail lounge. Phone CY 5-5984.

Pine Tree Inn, Inc. — 146 Bustleton Pike, Feasterville.

Red Lion Inn — Frankford and Cityling Roads, Andalusia. Open daily.

Sherwood House — Route 1 at 13, Morrisville. Cocktails. Banquets. Phone CY-5-2200.

Shubert Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge — Route 1, Langhorne. Dinners to 9 p.m. A la carte, 12 p.m. Luncheon. Phone SK 7-2941.

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The Village Inn — 2nd Street Pike and Hampton Road, Southampton.

The Victorian Room — Route 263 Jamison at Bucks County Country Club. Dinner 5:30 to 8:30, Sunday 2:30 to 8:30. Dancing Saturday nights. Closed Monday and Tuesday.

Warminster Manor — 544 York Road, Warminster.

Warrington Diner - Restaurant — 711 Easton Road, Neshaminy. Open 7 days. 24 hours. Medium prices. Family service.

Warrington Inn — Route 611, Warrington. Closed Sunday. Luncheon, dinner, cocktails. Wedding receptions and banquets. Phone DI 3-0210.

White Hall Hotel — 129 S. State Street, Newtown. Age of building—1796; inn since 1843. Open six days a week. Cocktail lounge and bar.

Yardley Inn — River Road at Yardley. Luncheon and Dinner. Seafood and steaks. Groups to 50. Cocktails. Phone HY 3-3800.

Bristol Road Manor — Bristol Road, Warrington.

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Conti Cross Keys Inn — Easton Highway and Swamp Road. Intersection of Routes 611 and 313. Doylestown. Open noon to 10 p.m., Saturday to midnight; closed Sunday. Air conditioned. Cocktail bar. Ph. 348-3539

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Doylestown Inn — 18 W. State Street, Doylestown. Breakfast, lunch and dinner. Banquet facilities. Cocktails. Rooms.

Old Water Wheel Inn — Old Route 611, 1½ miles north of Doylestown. Lunch, Dinner, Cocktails.

Central Bucks

Boswell's — Route 202, Buckingham. Open 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. on weekdays; 12:30 p.m. to 9 p.m. on Sunday. Closed Monday. Private dining room—parties. Phone 794-7959.

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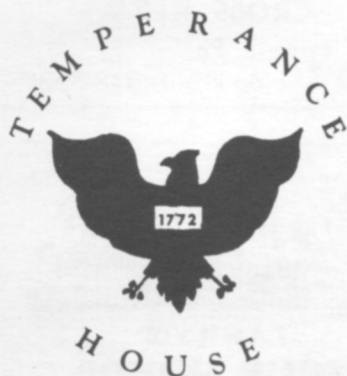
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Black Bass Hotel — 7 miles north of New Hope on Route 32, Lumberville. Lunch 12- 2:30 p.m.; Dinner 5:30-10 p.m.; Sunday dinner 1-8 p.m. Open every day but Christmas day. Parties to 150. Bar. Guest rooms. Central heating. Phone 297-5770.

Canal House — Mechanic Street, New Hope. 120 year old building. Open 12 noon to 3 a.m. Cafe supper club, luncheon, dinner, late supper. Music and dancing nightly. Closed Sunday. Bar. Phone 862-2069.

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Tow Path House — Mechanic St. at Canal, New Hope. Open noon to 9:30 p.m.; Sunday 1 p.m. to 8 p.m. Closed Monday. Luncheon, cocktails, dinner. Outdoor terrace, charcoal steaks and chops. Dinners about \$3.25 to \$5.50. Phone 862-2784.

Volare's Restaurant — Old York Road, New Hope. 2 miles west of New Hope on Route 202. Dinners 5 to 10 p.m. Closed November 1st to April 1st. Closed Sunday. Phone 862-2574.

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Entertainment

continued from page 24

body," Padula screamed vehemently. Padula was right. The changes suggested could have improved the show (maybe) but in all likelihood would have destroyed all the wonderful things the fresh, new show had going for it.

Too many times in the past we have heard the same cry . . . "How can anyone write such a bad play?" We are sure that many of our readers have also heard similar remarks on a theatrical outing. Yet, is there really an answer to such a question? If there were such an answer we would never have to witness a bad show.

Certainly every writer thinks his opus is noteworthy. But, as the expression goes, some writers become so closely associated with the product that they can't see the forest for the trees.

Only recently, while attending a new Broadway-bound play, we overheard this very same question being asked. Word-for-word the lady asked, "How can anyone write such a bad play?"

As we turned to look at the lady who made the remark someone else in her group answered, "Can you write a play?" and then added "Even a bad

one?"

The question and answer brought to our mind a remark that was made a few years ago following the opening night performance of a musical that turned out to be a disaster. We mention it now not because it is a classic example . . . but more so because we found that there was a profoundness in its simplicity.

On that particular occasion a witty chap proclaimed to his small circle of friends that he had the answer to the *BIG* problem facing musicals. He said that after seeing such hits as *My Fair Lady* and *Most Happy Fellow* that he knew how a book or a play could be successfully transformed into a great musical.

Naturally we tuned in our good ear with all eagerness and eavesdropped shamefully on his conversation with his group. His answer was simple. He said, "Don't mess around with the book."

This statement as well as the one previously mentioned about can *YOU* write a play . . . whether it is good or bad gave us some food for thought.

Thought provokingly, we hurried along to a nearby watering hole where we waited for some of the well wishers who had gone backstage. When they joined us later we would

go through the usual opening night ritual of waiting for the early returns from the radio and television critics before we could see what the morning paper had to say.

While we waited, the bartender eyed our theatre program and asked for our order. You didn't have to be a genius to tell from his look that the radar had gone out and he knew you had just seen a show that was in trouble.

We gave him our order and also asked:

"Have you invested in any good plays lately?"

Historic

continued from page 11

wide . . . The Buffet Table. Buffet Days for both lunch and dinner are Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. Their marvelous dishes together with gracious service and beautiful surroundings are testimony to the quality of Mrs. Swain's organization, one of the oldest and most respected in the area.

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The present long sustained economic prosperity enjoyed by most of our population, the advent of the super-highway, the shortening of the workweek and parallel lengthening of holiday week-ends and vacations has given increased impetus to our natural urge to wander, to seek change of pace, and to satisfy hunger for status. The status symbol of a few short years ago—two cars in the family—now is increasingly being replaced by a trend toward two houses and several cars.

Whatever the causes, the effects are evident—seashore and mountain areas

are being developed at a fantastic rate. Areas once considered barren and worthless now are being reclaimed and made into Winter, Summer, or all-year wonderlands. Most of these developments are legitimate and give the buyer good value for his dollar, but as is true in any boom era some unscrupulous operators and promoters get into the act and some gigantic frauds have occurred. Advertising has been wild and often misleading.

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to step in to curb some practices, and most states have strong legislation to protect the public. Other questionable practices still remain because they are not specifically covered by law. One such gimmick is the offer of a free vacation, a free lot, or some other valuable gift. In most cases these operators are mostly interested in getting the victim to appear in person so that the high pressure salesman can take over.

Bucks County has recently been the target for some of this give-away advertising. Residents should be alerted to the fact that the legitimate developer usually does not have to resort to this type of advertising. The public should also understand that Realtors are prohibited from this type of promotion—both by law and by their code of ethics. The interested party would be well advised to consult a Realtor located in the area of interest. There

are relatively few areas where at least one Realtor is not available, but in the event you cannot locate one it would be well to see an attorney before agreeing to any give-away deal.

Next Month—a survey of Pocono Mountain Vacation home sites.

For answers to specific questions write to "Real Estate Questions" Box 235, Warminster, Pa. 18974.

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Literary

continued from page 23

is a problem both money and intelligence should be able to solve. He also criticizes the lack of effective control over the police in a good part of the nation and notes that the consequences of unbridled police power fall most heavily upon the poor. He rips into the injustice and corruption of the bail bond system and, quoting Roscoe Pound, "The powers of the Star Chamber were a trifle in comparison with those of our juvenile courts . . .", commends the recent Supreme Court decision giving young

defendants the same protections before the law as adult offenders. By the time he has ended with warm praise for Chief Justice Earl Warren, he has picked up, discussed, weighed and either commended or found wanting every conceivable aspect of the law, or at least all those conceivable to this rather mystified lay reader. Like the very essence of the law itself, some of these issues dangle not wholly resolved, a kind of open-endedness that leaves the reader pleasantly eager to go find out more.

F. K. Brown

Editor

continued from page 4

That issue captivated me and I subscribed before the first of the year. My subscription still has a few months to go so you may say I am past mid-year but I will shatter the custom and comment anyway.

I enjoy the whole magazine and I find all your regular writers very able. I am most impressed by your "Portrait Series." They are extremely well done. Keep up the good work. I shall renew.

Frank Dominiani
Cornwells Heights, Pa.

TRADE IN FURNITURE EVENT

Has your furniture taken on a tired, worn, soiled or thread bare appearance? . . . Perhaps very uncomfortable, or you may be just plain tired of it after so many years, seeing the new trends of today. Here is an opportunity to give your room a completely new fresh appearance, employing the new styles of today. There is no need to put up with your old furniture. Now! . . . you can turn your furniture into cash during this Trade In Event at "Town & Valley Furniture Barn". Come in, make your selection from Nationally Famous Brands with no money down . . . your old furniture will serve as your down payment. Our selection is large and complete . . . Many styles to choose from.

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Familiar Things

I like the feel of all familiar things,
The shoes that know the way I want to go
The jacket, weather beaten, worn and old,
That fits and clings like bark upon a tree.
The wooded path that does not lead astray
But takes me to the summit of the hill,
Where I feel nature pulsing through my blood
The fiery flame of autumn in my soul.

Helen Forrest McKee



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Portrait

continued from page 21

old Margaret Ellen (Meg) is a sixth grade student at Linden School, Doylestown.

"Life is never dull with Jerry," says his wife who receives from her husband on special occasions, reproductions of original jewelry shown at the University of Pennsylvania Art Museum—which Callahan has recently "discovered."

"One of the loveliest," she says, "is a pin from Panama that dates before the Spanish Conquest. It was authentically reproduced by an artist at the museum. . . ."

"One of my favorites is a necklace and earring set—an Egyptian reproduction—the collar is of small beads, very unusual. . . ."

"Every now and then," says Callahan, "I sneak over there and really get 'turned on'—these artists of 2000 or more years ago did such beautiful work . . . today's modern art, sophistication-wise, pales in comparison," he says quietly. "Go to the university and then compare the jewelry there with that at Caldwell's or Bailey, Banks and Biddle. Inca gods; Peruvian masks; pre-Columbian and African art—magnificent! Why, hell, we don't come near the sophistication of those people! Maybe all their sophistication went into their art, I don't know. . . ."

Callahan feels that working with a "stream of consciousness" technique requires constant awareness of history; and literature; and cultures;—everything that has been or is happening—because "that's where the humor is. The language is constantly changing; norms change; mores change. You can't stop time! You have to 'grow' along with it; and reflect it; and interpret it."

In 1964 the National Conference of Christians and Jews presented "to Jerry Callahan of the *Philadelphia Bulletin* a citation for outstanding leadership in promoting the cause of good will and understanding among all the peoples of our nation—thereby fostering amity, justice and co-operation among Americans of every faith. . . ."

He says simply: "I'm proud of that. It was a very special thrill to me. . . ."

There are as many individuals in Bucks County as there are ways of expressing that individualism. And Jerry Callahan is an example of the finest—you can learn more about him in his cartoons. A first reading always touches only the surface . . .

Next Month: Father Christmas

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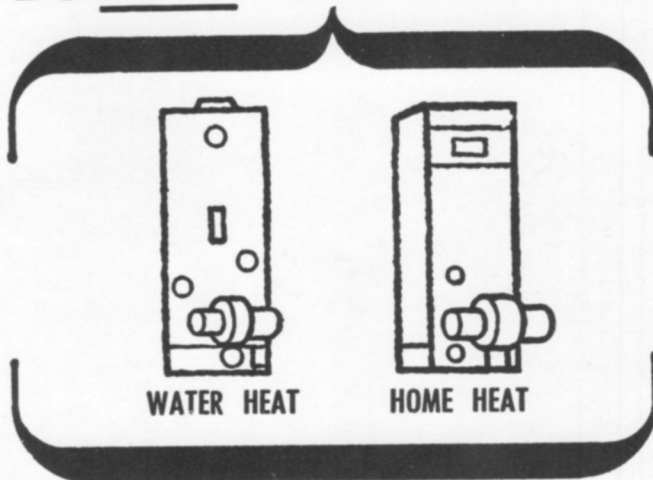


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